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Letters

FREE MEDICAL CARE?

In your June issue, you have published an article entitled "Free Medical Care for the Aged" by James E. Kenney, which is misleading, fallacious, and unfortunately one which will probably influence the thinking of a large segment of your readers along these lines. . . .

Any thinking citizen should see clearly that the tremendous cost of a Forand type bill certainly could not be covered by an increase of one quarter of 1 per cent in the social security tax paid by employers and employees. This is impossible, and I should think no one would see this more clearly than the Doctor of Economics, James E. Kenney. There is nothing "free" in government-controlled subsidies. Whatever "free" medical care is rendered by the government will be paid for fully by you and by me and by all American citizens. . . .

What has happened to the foresight of the American citizen, whether old or young? Does anyone, in this age, save for "that rainy day" or did that too go out with the horse-and-buggy doctor mentioned in the article? And what has happened to the Christian charity which we would hope should be present in a man's family and in his community so that he could be partially assisted? Is there no longer an obligation on the part of an individual's family or community to assist him in the time of need without resorting to a socialistic type of government care? It is further stated that since 1936 the cost of hospital treatment has risen almost 300 per cent, doctor's fees 78 per cent. Since the general cost of living has certainly increased at least 300 per cent since 1936, it would seem that hospital costs are in keeping proportionately with the inflationary spiral. Doctor's fees are certainly lagging far behind. . . .

The section dealing with the drug industry and their alleged fantastic profits is entirely misleading and inaccurate. I need only refer to the speech of Senator Dirksen (R., Ill.) made on Friday, January 27, 1960, which speech is recorded in the *Congressional Record*. . . .

It is interesting to note that figures in 1958 showed that the amount spent for prescription drugs in the United States was about \$15.00 per person per year. The amount spent for tobacco was \$36.00 per person, for alcoholic beverages \$53.00 per person, and for automobile repairs, and

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storage \$24 per person. Let's not be too harsh with the pharmaceutical industry! If it were not for their tremendous strides in the production of new and useful drugs, there would be no cry for free medical care for the aged, as there would be a relatively small number of aged people living in this country eligible for such care.

Above all, it is a bill such as the Forand Bill that if passed, would bring this country to the brink of socialized medicine, and eventually to a total socialistic state. This is something that I hope American citizens want no part of. . . .

J. R. MCCARTHY, M.D.
PARK RIDGE, ILL.

The article "Free Medical Care for the Aged" (June) has been read over several times. It gives a good outline of how medical care costs can become critical. But in his discussion of drug costs I am sorry to see that Dr. Kenney apparently subscribes to the peculiar mathematics used by some of his fellow economists in discussing "fantastic mark-ups in the sale of medicine." While he has tried to avoid expressing his own conclusions or opinions, his reporting of some of the allegations against the industry during the Kefauver hearings does not give the refutations by the named drug manufacturers. Instead he asks, "Why should medicine be so dismally expensive?" And then cites figures and comments which pretty well direct the reader to believe that the drug industry is making three times the profit of other manufacturing industries and that perhaps the way out is to have governmental control of the industry as a public utility.

I suggest having a supplementary article on this matter of drug costs, or perhaps an editorial discussion such as appears in the *Saturday Evening Post* for May 28. I also think Dr. Kenney's simple reference to probable cost of the Forand Bill as running between one and two billion dollars annually should be amplified. One statement on my desk this morning indicates it is quite likely to be twenty billion dollars per year in a fairly short time.

PAUL J. CARDINAL
MONTCLAIR, N. J.

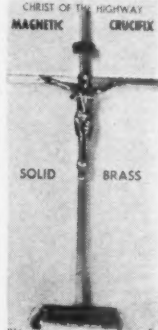
I was much interested in your recent article by James E. Kenney, "Free Medical Care for the Aged." Dr. Kenney makes clear that the quality of medical care is increasing along with its cost, but I feel that he has overemphasized the contribution of the prescription drug manufacturing industry in the cost picture.

For example, even the prosecutors on the Senate Antitrust and Monopoly Subcommittee staff have repudiated their figures about the difference between raw material costs and selling prices of medicines. Since they first pointed to these alleged high markups, they have admitted omitting additional cost factors such as distribution, quality control, research, and advertising.

On the question of profits, testimony has been given before the Kefauver Committee by an outstanding economist as to why profits range higher in extremely high risk enterprise, such as the pharmaceutical in-

(Continued on page 4)

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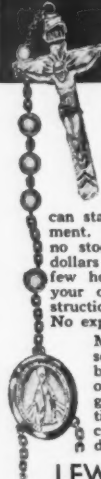
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LETTERS

(Continued from page 2)

dustry, compared with industries in which the risk factor is substantially less.

The drug industry has realized the urgent necessity of disseminating as widely as possible the true factors as to how it operates as a part of the American economy and society. It is in this spirit that this letter is written to supplement in a small way the information previously available to your publication. . . .

WILLIAM KLOEPFER, JR.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

PARENTS AND TEACHERS

I have just finished reading THE SIGN for May, 1960, and had to tell you how much I enjoyed the article "Parents Quiz Teachers," by Dan Herr.

This interested me because I am a lay teacher in a parochial school. Because there is a great lack of vocations to the religious life, lay teachers are necessary in Catholic schools. . . .

In the short time I have been teaching, I have noticed that the only parents who visit the schools are those whose children are doing well in school and are well-behaved. Some children who constantly fail tests and have to have their papers signed return the papers with the parents signature but never a comment and you never see the parents. . . .

PATRICIA MULLAN

BALTIMORE, MD.

UNDERSTANDING PROTESTANTS

I just want to thank you and Father Kilian McDonnell for the wonderful series of articles he has been writing on our "Protestant brothers." I have been married eleven years to a non-Catholic and we have four children whom we are rearing Catholic. My husband has become increasingly interested in things Catholic and reads everything that he sees about our religion. I hope and pray he will some day receive the gift of faith. So you can imagine how pleased I was by the tone of Father McDonnell's writing. My husband thinks he has "a rare perception into the Protestant mind." I am sure Father McDonnell's humble approach and obviously sincere desire to create better understanding will do a tremendous amount of good both for Protestants who read it and for Catholics who perhaps have become a little smug and therefore antagonistic in their attitudes.

MRS. RALPH C. VIVIAN

WILKES BARRE, PA.

"I CAN BE HAPPY WITHOUT . . ."

With reference to your "I Can Be Happy Without . . ." column and mentions of *National Review* and Spain, may I say that the *National Review* is certainly no exponent of Catholic social thought but diametrically the opposite, thank God, when certain Catholic social thinkers embrace, for a good instance, compulsory unionism and compulsory political financial

levies within these kept organizations. May it never be an exponent of this sort of thing. But *National Review* is happily Catholic as a consistent and highly stimulating champion of God's freedom, man's free will, man's immortal soul, the dignity and sanctity of man's personal and private property, in short, the entire natural law. To quote *National Review*: "Truth withers when freedom dies, however righteous the authority that kills it; and free individualism uninformed by moral value rots at its core and soon surrenders to tyranny". . . .

KENNETH J. HERBST

C/O P.M., NEW YORK, N. Y.

Your editorial "I Can Be Happy Without—" excellently exposed the hypocrisy of Liberalism's humanitarianism to deserved scorn and pointed up shortcomings of the average Catholic layman for attention. Was it also unduly critical of the Catholic "Right" in the process?

Average Catholic laymen make up perhaps the greatest single group supporting anti-Communism at the present, when Liberalism is succumbing to the "appeasement," siren-song, and in championing anti-Communist causes and publications, he may seem to be manifesting lack of concern for the social message of the Church. *National Review's* policy, like that of its editor, is conservative, anti-Statist, and "classically liberal" in its social and economic tone. Right-wing columnists in Catholic and lay newspapers may spend a great deal of time in attacking welfare programs, exposing "relief careerists," and generally urging curbing of government intervention. In supporting these, I believe the average Catholic layman is reflecting the fact that the Church's program for Christian social reconstruction just hasn't touched a vital responsive chord as yet. . . .

Perhaps if specialized Catholic Action groups, Newman Club federations, and alumni groups of Catholic schools federated in a Christian Democratic Union—directed toward nonpartisan political education and action—the Catholic social doctrine might emerge from the textbook and into the political arena. This "Catholic Right," which now—for lack of concrete political education and action—tends in a "classical liberal" direction, might be won to a broader program of social reconstruction than its present anti-Communist, anti-Statist stand.

DONALD F. BARRY

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

After reading your editorial in the June issue of THE SIGN Magazine, I find myself in agreement with you on many points. However, there are a few points of your editorial with which I disagree.

You have stated that you can be happy without:

"Those who think the *National Review* is an exponent of Catholic social thought." In the first place, William F. Buckley, editor of *National Review*, does not profess to expound Catholic social thoughts as such in his publication. As a subscriber to this publication, I have found absolutely nothing disagreeable to Catholic principles. Mr. Buckley is merely trying to inform people about current political situations. (Continued on page 71)

The SIGN®

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August, 1960
Volume 40, No. 1

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Castro's Threat to U.S.

IT IS DIFFICULT not to feel sympathy for the Cuban people. They live in a land rich in natural resources, capable of sustaining a large population at a high standard of living. Yet they are poor, ignorant, and oppressed. They have sown in the sweat of their brows, but the reaping has been done by a group of wealthy landowners and corrupt politicians.

Castro's revolution promised to put an end to all that. He came out of the mountains a conquering hero, almost universally acclaimed at home and abroad as the savior of Cuba. Few men in history have had such an opportunity to lift a people out of their misery and put them on the high road to prosperity and happiness.

But Castro has fallen flat on his face. Undoubtedly he was a great guerrilla leader. As a statesman and social reformer, he is a pitiful failure. Perhaps he realizes this. His interminable harangues and posings and silly threats against the U.S. seem part of an effort to convince himself and the world that he is still the gallant fighter saving Cubans from their oppressors. As a matter of fact, he doesn't know what to do with his revolution now that it has achieved military success. He has found that abstract ideas and theories don't become a reality until they are put into effect in a practical program, and he is incapable of preparing and executing such a program. As a result, he is putty in the hands of his subordinates, and unfortunately they are predominantly Communists or Communist sympathizers.

Some people don't like the U.S. That's to be expected. But the irrational and rabid hatred for the U.S. which the Castro regime is instilling in Cubans of all ages is equaled only by the Red Chinese and is certainly Communist-inspired. Here's a sample from a government-controlled radio station: "His Majesty, Caesar Attila Napoleon Fulgencio Eisenhower, the Emperor of the U.S., grows from his imperial throne set up in the White House. The emperor of putrid democracy . . . cannot understand what drives the humble, the illiterate, and the miserable to rebellion." And Raúl Castro, fuzzy-minded brother of Fidel, told a howling mob of Cuban students: "Yankee imperialism is represented by an

eagle with its claws worn down by the rapine of our people." Cubans are being taught from earliest school age that every evil that befalls them is due to the machinations of the Yankee monster to the north.

It doesn't matter much what the Cubans think of us or what the Castro brothers say about us. What matters a lot is that all this indicates Communist influence. What is important to us is that a country on our very doorstep is opening its gates to the Communists and is well on its way toward becoming a Soviet satellite.

The immediate danger is that when Khrushchev visits Cuba he may sign a mutual security pact with Castro. It isn't easy to exaggerate the threat this would be to the U.S. Under such an agreement, the Reds could set up in Cuba missile and submarine bases, military air fields, and radar tracking systems. They could do it all in the name of Cuba through Soviet military and technical advisers. Cuba would also become the open door for Red penetration into the rest of Latin America.

WE SHOULD be prepared to move quickly and decisively if such an agreement is made. Our first step should be through the Organization of American States which has authorization to act in such a case. The Caracas Declaration (1954) reads in part: "the domination or the control of the political institutions of any American state by the international Communist movement . . . would constitute a threat to the sovereignty and political independence of the American states, endangering the peace of America, and would call for consultation and appropriate action in accordance with existing treaties."

We think the Latin American states would join us in appropriate action. They are menaced as much as ourselves. If they refused, we would have to act alone or with those who were willing to join us. To permit such a threat would be suicidal.

Father Ralph Gorman, C.P.

*Editorials in Pictures and Print***The Personal Touch**

One of the greatest needs in modern society is a personal type of aid for persons who suffer from one or another type of affliction. This may range from simple loneliness to delinquency or mental illness. We are fairly well organized to take care of these problems professionally. We have societies, social workers, courses, and so forth.

All this is good in its way. And it does help us to meet the obligations of charity painlessly. Unfortunately, however, painless charity is not always effective. And if it is not effective, can we call it real charity? Can Christians give without giving of themselves? Are our efforts fruitful if they do not partake of the Cross?

We must not be too sweeping about this matter. Food for the hungry is appreciated. So is needed medical care. So likewise are many other services that organized social welfare provides. It is not that we would abolish or even curtail existing organizations. But we should certainly consider the need for supplementing them with personal Christian love of neighbor.

Consider, for example, the Puerto Rican child facing a strange city and speaking a language foreign to most of its inhabitants. Is it surprising that he becomes first frightened, then hostile, and finally delinquent?

Or consider the colored child in a racially mixed neighborhood. For the first time in his life, he goes to an integrated school. He feels the challenge of competition from other students of superior home environment. Teachers do their overworked best to help. But he needs a big brother to help him, with personal care, to bridge the gap which is no fault of his own or even of his parents.

Consider further the number of Catholic women who are widowed or divorced, facing a lifetime of comparative loneliness, often with the burden of rearing one or more children. They may be forbidden or unable to remarry. They have the burdens of married life but not its consolations.

Or we might turn our gaze to the lonely aged, some sick, others merely sick at heart because no one cares for



TROUBLE. Anastas Mikoyan (left) greets Antonio Nunez Jimenez, head of Cuban government economic mission that visited Russia in June. Their handshake probably spells more trouble from Castro

them. They may live alone in apartments. Or they may be in nursing homes or institutions. But anyone who has seen the empty, staring gaze of so many of them knows that light and warmth have gone from their lives.

Many more face the awful loneliness of the mentally ill. Doctors today are more and more convinced that a warm, normal environment is the best aid to medicine in treating this problem. Yet many of them are left to deteriorate in institutions or are treated with conscious or unconscious cruelty in the outside world.

What about the products of twisted homes, whose personalities are stunted at childhood? They live in an awful fear and become the criminals and psychopaths that fill our penal institutions. Yet genuine, disinterested, Christian love can revive trust in such hearts and restore them to normal, human relationships.

After asking all these questions, we turn our gaze to meetings of various Catholic societies. Often they are perfunctory, aimlessly endorsing this or that. They lack purpose and drive. Yet there are all these wounded lying by the road, the sick and lonely that Christ asked us to care for as for Himself. Does this make us think?

The Dollars that Drift Away

Who can blame the head of the house for drifting through the dog days of summer? The spring jobs around the house are finished, presumably. It's too early to start worrying about the fall ones. By just closing his eyes as he sinks into a lounge in the backyard, he can even forget about the crab grass.

This kind of drift is a pleasant diversion. But another kind, which is also very common, leads to disaster. This is the tendency to let the family's financial program drift along from year to year. It is one thing to avoid the obsessive quest for riches; it is another to bury our talents in mapping our family's future. Precisely because we live in a materialistic, economically complex society, the Christian family must pay close attention to financing to preserve its integrity.

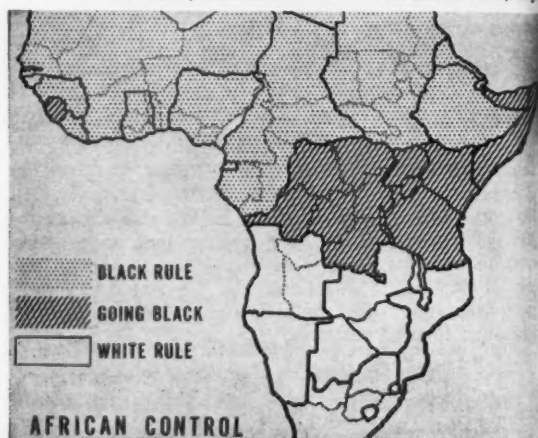
If Christian families are to resist the evils of birth control, excessive cajolery of advertising agencies, problems introduced when mother goes to work or father takes a second job, and bickering which erodes the spirit of charity—then families must set a financial goal and get on the road toward it. Sloppy accounting and over-reliance on credit with its enormous interest rates must be checked. A realistic plan for the maintenance of the home, education of the children, insurance, investments, and security should be laid out for the years ahead. Hoping for increased salary in the future to provide a balanced program is not the answer; effective use of the funds now available is. To help elevate society, families living a Christian life must first of all survive.

These thoughts came to mind during a reading of *Christian Family Finance* by William J. Whalen (Bruce), a professor at Purdue University. Whalen, the father of five children, has put together a book of concrete suggestions for families with an income of between \$5,000 and \$12,000 a year. "It takes some effort to figure out the true interest rate of an installment purchase or compare the net cost of several different insurance policies," he says, "but it pays off." Whalen gives the methods clearly and concisely. His book is a significant contribution to Christian living in this country.

We believe, with the author, that Christians ought to be



FIRST American Negro Passionist, Fr. Jerome Brooks, greets Passionist Bishop Cuthbert O'Gara, who ordained him in Louisville, Ky.



AFRICA. Map shows how control is changing from Whites to Negroes. While rejoicing in this growth of freedom, the Pope urged fraternal aid from older countries



HENRY WOODS, Portland, Ore., and his bride will serve Catholic Relief Services in Africa



UPI

TRAGEDY of earthquake in Chile is experienced by young boys and girls near Lota, Chile, as they eat outside near their ruined home. Catholic Relief Services—NCWC had sent, by mid-June, supplies valued at more than two and a half million dollars, the largest of all the assistance programs. This did not include supplies from special church collections

RELIGIOUS NEWS



MILESTONE. Archbishop John Kodwo Amissah, new Archbishop of Cape Coast, Ghana, is solemnly installed by his predecessor. Ghana has 500,000 Catholics

able to manage their affairs so that money—or the lack of it—is not a constant source of friction. Families who give no thought to budgeting or “buymanship” endanger their obligations in social justice; they often cut down their contributions to church, community charities, the missions, and the poor because they think they cannot spare a dollar. It is strange that many families will spend hours figuring ways to boost their income and overlook investing a few minutes in learning family finance. The satisfaction in drifting lasts only a little while. Pretty soon you realize you’re lost.

Nominations for Oblivion

The debate over our national purpose has so far used a lot of big words to express big thoughts about the big idea this country rests on. The literary quality has been impressive. But we think it’s about time a translation was made to bring the debate down to the ground we walk on. The issue, it appears, is that our national strength is ebbing away despite our renowned talent for freedom, fun, filters, and foolishness.

Accordingly, we have prepared a list of ten types of Americans responsible for the frittering away of the spirit in our national body. They are parasites all, and they are our nominations for oblivion:

The parent who never learned to create a home and gives his children only a legacy of confusion.

The teacher who never learned the meaning of his vocation and considers it just a job.

The student who never grows up, graduates with the idea that the world owes him a living, and is absolutely appalled at the suggestion that he could do something to make society better.

The religious leader who defines religion as the service of man and blandly leads the blind.

The labor leader whose greed and ignorance block his view of the real purpose of unions as an instrument for social justice.

The business executive who never learned that business has any other purpose than to make money.

The doctor who tragically reduces the meaning of his noble profession to little more than the butcher and drug business.

The lawyer who never learned to be a public defender of justice and offers his services instead to the highest bidder.

The artist who, ignorant of his moral, intellectual, and cultural bankruptcy, insists on expressing his obfuscation to mankind in the lofty name of art.

The exalted man-in-the-street who goes through life secure in his conviction that happiness and physical excitement are one and the same thing.

It is our sincere hope that the debate can restore the pristine view of America which Jefferson appended to the Declaration. A leadership of the spirit is what America needs now. If Americans are really seeking this, it is one of the happiest signs of the times.

We will be more convinced that American people are reacting to the debate when we observe more people worried about the standard of life and less about the standard of living; more of joy and less of pleasure; more of wisdom and less of knowledge; more of liberty and less of license; more of peace with justice and less of ease and comfort. When, in fact, we have more producers and fewer parasites among us.

VIEWS IN BRIEF

Where are the Critics? John J. Deedy, editor of the *Pittsburgh Catholic*, recently advised the Catholic Broadcasters Association not to look to the Catholic press for publicity unless Catholic radio and TV programs are worth it. The quality of the program is what counts, said the editor, not an appeal based on “hollow family loyalty.” The advice is sound but doesn’t go deep enough into the problem. For how will the Catholic press recognize a good religious telecast or radio program? And what constructive comments can it make to raise the professional and cultural level—a level which Mr. Deedy implies is not very high? With the exception of a handful of newspapers and magazines, there is no critical reviewing now being done in the Catholic press. Reviewers on secular publications from time to time appraise the content of religious programming (and are becoming increasingly impressed, if not altogether satisfied, with what they see). But surely religious programs should not have to secure the approbation of secular critics before the Catholic press will bother with them. Catholic publications do not rely on the views of the secular movie critics; there is even less reason for them to do so in the powerful medium of television. No embodiment of the arts, if we can go that far, is so badly in need of criticism today as the electronic communicator. Reviewers who know their subject and their philosophy could perform a service in the Catholic press. Not only in evaluating religious programs but in examining the full range of the TV schedule, which is so intimately connected to the psychological sickness of our time.

Church Unity. The growing concern about the separated churches should not let us forget the unity within the Church of which we must be witnesses. Donald Attwater, for example, writing in *Good Work*, says: “I cannot forbear asking what image of Catholic unity is given by the way we sometimes write of one another in the press, by imputing motives or insinuating bad faith (I take an example I am familiar with); or, in private or even in public, by a tendency to ‘excommunicate’ those fellow Catholics who have the temerity to disagree with ourselves on some religious, or in part religious, matter. . . . I am not being so foolish as to deplore controversy and disagreement among Catholics; such things are inevitable, useful, and a healthy sign of life and freedom. But controversy need not be quarreling, nor disagreement an occasion for recrimination and seeming malice. ‘Harmony,’ says Aquinas, ‘is an effect of charity; it does not imply unity of opinion but a unity of wills.’”

Prejudice. The authors of a pamphlet, *Prejudice and Politics*, published by the Anti-Defamation League of B’nai B’rith, conclude with this lesson: “He (the citizen) can learn not to fall for vicious and spurious notions that people of one race or faith are therefore inferior to those of another. He can learn to suspect stories or rumors or implications that are too pat, or unauthenticated, or just plain inflammatory. . . . For prejudice and politics have one thing in common: each can work only so far as people are willing to accept it. Prejudice operates where people are willing to let it hold sway over their minds and beliefs and actions. Politics can operate only so far as people accept it as the means by which governments are constituted and conducted. The citizen who calls politics beneath his consideration is depriving himself of his only opportunity to share in governing himself and his neighbors.”

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A visit to Dr. Francis J. Braceland at the Institute of Living, where loving, expert care helps in -

Healing the Troubled Mind

In the minds of most of us, the words "mental hospital" too often conjure up the image of a grim, fortress-like building, with barred windows, high walls, and perhaps even guards rushing around with strait jackets. We imagine apathetic creatures sitting and staring into nothingness, a Napoleon strutting with his hand inside his coat, a scream issuing from somewhere within the building's gray depths. Our impressions have mostly been formed by motion pictures

BY ROBERT DONNER

such as *The Snake Pit* and by what we may have read or heard about Bedlam, the eighteenth-century house of horror where the insane of London were confined.

In scattered cases, this picture of the mental hospital, or "insane asylum" as we continue to misname it, is uncomfortably close to the truth. But there are a growing number of institutions designed for the care and treatment of the mentally ill that no more resemble the one we have sketched than most modern hospitals for the physically sick resemble their crude and unsanitary predecessors. One of the most impressive examples of how far mental hospitals have come of age is the Institute of Living, in Hartford, Connecticut.

I went up to Hartford on a bright day in early summer to talk to the Institute's director, Dr. Francis J. Braceland, one of America's leading psychiatrists as well as an outstanding Catholic layman. There are few men in a better position to display the brighter side of modern treatment and care of mental sufferers.

THE FIRST thing that struck me when I met Dr. Braceland was how little there was about him to suggest the head of a hospital. There was no professional brusqueness, no institutional mannerisms; he didn't hide behind his title or treat me in any way as a mere layman or a prying interloper.

A genial, white-haired, cherubic-faced man in his late fifties, Dr. Braceland combines an air of gentleness and efficiency, humility and purpose. He was much more interested in telling me about his hospital than about himself (to the point that I found it difficult to get even the barest biographical facts from him).

We began with a tour of the grounds. Within a few minutes, I became aware that the conventional picture of the mental hospital had no relationship to the one I was being introduced to. For there is nothing remotely prison-like about the Institute of Living. Spreading over more than forty acres in the heart of Hartford, it struck me as being much more like a rest-home or sanatorium than a place of incarceration, or even a hospital.

There are no barred windows, no towering walls, no guards on the prowl. There are, it is true, certain precautionary measures that are taken, but the atmosphere is not oppressive. The buildings I saw, for example, were mostly frame or stucco structures built in nineteenth-century English style, whose glassed-in porches, dormer windows, and sloping roofs lent an air of old-fashioned graciousness to the scene.

Broad stone walks curve throughout the spacious grounds, which are heavily planted with a great variety of trees, shrubs, and flowers. We came upon a large greenhouse, where, Dr. Braceland told me, patients practice gardening, an excellent therapeutic measure, and then caught a glimpse of tennis courts. Only the quietness that pervaded the area, or an occasional encounter with a patient accompanied by a nurse, told me that I was not in a country-club or perhaps a college.

The same surprising departure from stereotype was in evidence in the residences and administration buildings. Large, pleasant, communal rooms are painted in pastel colors, softly carpeted and stocked with simple, comfortable furniture, a stack of magazines, a television set.

The patients' rooms repeat this motif. A typical one contains a bed, a chest of drawers, a small writing-table and chair, an arm-chair and lamp, perhaps a radio or phonograph. The impression one gets this time is of an unpretentious but extremely well-run hotel, until you notice a nurse's desk at the end of a corridor or some sign concerning the Institute's rules and regulations.

The purpose of psychiatric care is, of course, that of healing the troubled mind, in the same way that physical medicine attempts to heal the ailing body. But mental disorders cannot be treated locally, as though they were simple infections or broken limbs. When a psychic disturbance has occurred, it means that the whole person is involved and therefore that the whole person has to be the object of treatment. In cases severe enough to require hospitalization, it is of special importance to provide an environment in which such many-sided treatment can be given, an environment which, moreover, is warm, encouraging, without any suggestions that the patient is being punished or held to blame for being there.

In a mental hospital such as the Institute, Dr. Braceland maintains, the patient's entire nature is considered. "To serve man's dignity means to consider each man's individuality thoroughly and widely." And this means that the Institute has to address itself to each of its patients on many levels—physical, emotional, intellectual—and avoid as much as possible a flat, standard course of treatment for everybody.

The hospital has a five-fold program for the treatment and cure of those who come to it:

- ▶ Direct medical and psychiatric care.
- ▶ The socialization of the patient, seeing that he is brought into relations with others.
- ▶ The continuation of his education or the maintenance and development of his vocational skills.
- ▶ Preparation for his return to his home and family.
- ▶ Preparation for his reintegration into the community.

I asked Dr. Braceland to describe what happens to a typical patient from the time he enters the Institute. Before he answered, he spoke for a few minutes on the fact that there really isn't such a thing as a typical patient. For one thing, he said, mental disease strikes at every level of society; for another, there are so many kinds of mental illness that no two patients ever have exactly the same symptoms and consequently the same course of treatment.

THERE IS one thing Dr. Braceland stresses: the mental sufferer is not someone who has to be shut up; he is seldom violent and then only temporarily, and what he responds to is being given the greatest degree of loving care it is possible to give him.

A patient coming to the Institute, he said, going back to my question, will have been referred there by his doctor. In all likelihood, he will have come voluntarily, since the Institute (founded in 1822) is a private, not a state, hospital, and very few of its patients are "committed" to it. For its part, the Institute will have accepted him only after it feels, having studied his case, that it can be of help.

Although it is a nonprofit hospital, run under the auspices of the Connecticut Medical Association, costs and therefore fees are high, something that is true of all general hospitals, though a good many patients qualify under various health insurance plans.

The average population of the hospital is four hundred patients, about equally divided between men and women. The age range is between the midteens and the seventies or even eighties, with the largest number in the twenties, thirties, and forties.

When a patient arrives, he has a talk with his doctor, who elicits as much information as possible, information which is then used to help determine which group of patients he will be assigned to. This group system is maintained because the Institute feels it desirable that patients with similar kinds and degrees of illness be kept together as a sort of community within a community. Each group has its own living area, schedule of activities, degree of



● *A peaceful setting encloses the Institute of Living in Hartford, Conn. Red line shows borders of forty-acre grounds*

freedom and responsibility, etc. One mark of a patient's progress lies in his being moved from group to group as the doctors feel that he is ready for the change.

Another basis of his assignment to a group and of the decision as to what specific kind of psychiatric treatment he will receive is the extensive series of tests he undergoes some time during the first few days. They run from routine physical and psychological examinations through detailed laboratory studies of such things as basal metabolism, blood chemistry, electro-cardiogram readings, and so on. Besides this, trained personnel evaluate his skills, fields of knowledge, interests, hobbies, etc., everything, that is, that cannot be measured by graphs and statistics.

By this time he is ready for the course of treatment, the skillful, painstaking, many-faceted process of emotional "re-education" whose aim is to restore him to a world whose pressures, through no fault of his own, he was unable to cope with.

It will have been decided what type of direct psychiatric therapy—drugs, counseling, intensive analysis—he should receive, what kind of avocational course he should follow, what the most useful social and recreational activities will be in his case. He will begin a new existence, one in which the scattered, warring faculties of his being may be brought together again into a harmonious whole.

Within a short time, our hypothetical patient will begin to adjust to the rhythm of his new surroundings. He sees his psychiatrist at least twice a week and as often as once a day, depending on the nature and severity of his illness.

He is launched on a program of physical re-building (the Institute believes strongly in the importance of simultaneous physical and psychological treatment) and upon a regimen of useful manual or intellectual activities geared to his interests and capacities. To let patients sit around idly with nothing to occupy their hands and minds, Dr. Braceland remarked, is one of the most harmful things that can be allowed to happen to them.

AT THIS point, Dr. Braceland asked me if I would like to see the recreational and vocational facilities of the Institute. When we started out we began to meet patients and nurses, all of whom Dr. Braceland seemed to know by name. I was greatly impressed by the affection and trust which the patients showed to the psychiatrist. A few of them revealed the marks of their afflictions in their speech difficulties, their slightly uncoordinated movements, or their still, facial expressions and it was touching to see the effort they made to appear normal and self-possessed in the presence of the doctor and the visitor.

Dr. Braceland pointed out to me the Institute's wide variety of athletic facilities, the tennis and badminton courts, the indoor swimming pool and, most impressive, the gymnasium. It is housed in the brand-new Rehabilitation Building, a sleek, modern structure which inside is a marvel of efficiency and organization. The gymnasium itself is fully equipped, and there is a staff of trained instructors who supervise everything from calisthenics to basketball; when

we looked in on the scene, a volley-ball game was in progress.

The Rehabilitation Building contains sound-proof music rooms and a small, beautifully appointed theater. A music appreciation class was going on, and Dr. Braceland told me that the theater is also used for lectures, group discussions, play readings, concerts, movies, and even fashion shows. Patients are encouraged to participate in these events, and in the full schedule of dances and other social activities the Institute maintains.

We visited next the library, which has a good stock of books for browsing among or taking out to read at leisure. Next to it there is a shop offering a large assortment of clothing, toilet articles, etc., as well as gifts the patient may wish to purchase for a friend or relative. A flower shop, a beauty parlor, and a barber shop added to the sense I had of being in a complete, self-contained little community.

Our last stop was at the Institute's chapel, a small place with an uncluttered, serene interior. It is used for the services of all three major faiths. For Catholics, two Masses are celebrated every Sunday by priests from Hartford, who also hear patients' confessions and are available for consultation on spiritual matters. Dr. Braceland emphasized that the Institute doesn't try to force religion on anyone, but feels that faith is an important element in many recoveries.

I ASKED the psychiatrist about the mythical patient we had invented. What has happened to him? How long has he spent at the Institute? How has he been helped to resume his place in the world outside? What are the chances of his recovery being permanent?

The average stay at the Institute is four months, but there are patients who for one reason or another leave before that time and others who remain for many months or even years. If he is released as cured, or at least significantly improved, it means that the pressures contributing to his illness have been relieved, that he has gained an understanding of their causes and the courage and strength to cope with future emotional problems.

Moreover, he has been helped to re-integrate himself with others, to rid himself to some extent of the fears and suspicions that make living in society so difficult for all of us. "One of the most vital elements in this process," Dr. Braceland said, "is the atmosphere of *caring*, of dedication, that he has lived in."

The Institute has no way of knowing how many of its ex-patients suffer relapses. A few return for further treatment, and occasionally the Institute will be consulted by a patient's local doctor or psychiatrist. "But we are aware that some of our former patients do revert to one stage or another of their illness."

In the current state of misunderstanding of mental illness on the part of society, Dr. Braceland went on, much

of this is inevitable. But, he added, the public is becoming increasingly aware of the fact that mental illness is a disease, not a disgrace, so that psychiatry looks forward to the day when that critical stage in a mental patient's history—the time when he begins to take up his normal life again—will unfold in an atmosphere of sympathy and helpfulness.

We talked then about the growth of psychiatry itself. The Institute of Living contributes a great deal more to that, I was surprised to learn, than simply its services as a superior mental hospital. The Institute, Dr. Braceland told me, actually has four purposes and functions: expert care of the sick; teaching; research; aid to the community.

No description of the Institute is complete without considerable emphasis on Dr. Braceland. From his biography, I learned that Dr. Braceland had attended La Salle High School and College in Philadelphia, later getting his M.D. from Jefferson Medical College in that city. That he was attached to Penn Hospital for some years and in 1940 became Dean of the Loyola University School of Medicine. That during the war he served as special assistant to the Surgeon-General of the Navy and then as chief of the psychiatric section of the Navy Medical Corps, with the rank of Rear Admiral. That after the war he was head of the section of psychiatry at the Mayo Clinic and professor of psychiatry at the University of Minnesota, until in 1951 he was named to the position of psychiatrist-in-chief at the Institute of Living.

I learned, too, that he had held such positions as Vice-President of the World Congress of Psychiatry, President of the American Psychiatric Association, Chairman of the 1957 National Health Forum, President of the Association for Research in Nervous and Mental Diseases, and President of the American Board of Psychiatry and Neurology.

Finally, I learned that he had been given honorary degrees by Manhattan College, Catholic University, Holy Cross College, Trinity College, Northwestern University, and Canisius College, among others.

In articles, speeches, and informal talks, he has striven to correct the notions so many of us have that mental disease is something shameful, that psychiatry is somehow immoral. He has encouraged young men and women thinking of psychiatry or its allied fields as a career. And he has lent his name and his powers to any number of activities whose aim is that of alleviating human suffering.

Something he had said to me at the beginning of our conversation recurred to me while I was reading an address he had given recently to the Guild of Catholic Psychiatrists. "In order to make a free decision," he told me, "one has to be freed from neurosis." It seemed to me that the words could serve as a motto for his own work among men and for the work of those mental hospitals, such as the Institute of Living, that are meeting the challenges of our time.

A STRANGE AND DESERT PLACE

Here in the land where vision grows
And the sight is a beauty lost in the dark,
I have remembered where a sunset still glows
In the very first matins of every lark.
But common things—for instance a night,
Will wear more glory here in this land
Where beauty is rare, and vision is light,
And there's a starful of awe in a grain of sand.

Perhaps this is the stranger's point of view
That looks from what was to what lies ahead
Beyond some tomorrow. And all that is new
Speaks the same for hope as God has said.
For faith finds eyes for a deeper sight
When the mind has no beauty to use for light.

—SISTER M. FLORIAN, O.S.F.



THE TV PADRE WHO NEVER SMILES

A SLIGHTLY GRAYING PRIEST with direct, black eyes looks out from the TV screen each weekday evening into the comfortable living rooms of Colombia's middle and well-to-do classes. As familiar to Bogotá as Bishop Fulton J. Sheen to North American audiences, Father Rafael García Herreros has become the voice of Colombia's poor. Broadcasting a five-minute program over Bogotá's commercial channel, Padre García each evening brings before the cameras a poor family from the provinces (flown in gratis by a Colombian airline) or from one of the city's one hundred poor *barrios*.

The conversation goes something like this:

Padre Garcia: You are Señor Rodriguez. How many children?

Senor Rodriguez: Eight. We had eleven, but three died very young.

Padre Garcia: How much do you earn?

Senor Rodriguez: Four pesos a day (about 50 U.S. cents). The two older boys—they work, too.

Padre Garcia: Where do you live?

Senor Rodriguez: In the *barrio San Carlos*.

Padre Garcia: How many rooms do you have?

Senor Rodriguez: Two. Three other families live also in the house.

Padre Garcia: What is your rent?

Senor Rodriguez: Fifty pesos a month.

BY ELSA CHANEY

"I do not say that the rich are necessarily wrong; I only say that the poor also have the right to a minimum for a decent life..."

After the exchange (during which Padre García often must maneuver his guests so that they face the unfamiliar, frightening eye of the TV camera), the priest presents the family with food products donated by Colombian firms and with a check for a thousand pesos.

Then he moves to his television pulpit. With a rugged, six-foot, wooden cross framing his head, Padre García speaks straight from the shoulder on the Church's social doctrine or on some spiritual topic. Finally, he asks everyone to remember to give his *Centavo por Dios*—one cent for God each day. These *centavos*, collected at special booths in many banks and department stores, are used to build homes for families like the ones that appear on the program.

On the TV program, Padre García never smiles. This has become something of a trademark, so much so that when a little girl wrote in to ask why, she voiced the question of many. The padre answered her, very kindly, on the air. He explained that he would like to smile, but that the plight of the poor was so serious that he did not feel he had the right.

"That man," an engineer friend remarked one evening after Padre García signed off, "is stirring the conscience of Colombia."

Colombia's conscience needs to be stirred, for 80 per cent of the wealth is in the hands of 15 per cent of the population. The huge numbers of poor live in misery. Padre García, in his crowded office near the Church of Our Lady of Angustias in downtown Bogotá, vigorously denies that he is out to "scare the rich."

"I never criticize those who have money," he says. "I only try to bring certain facts about the misery of the poor to the public attention. I do not say that the rich are necessarily wrong. I only say that the poor also have the right to a minimum for a decent life and that it is time to start taking the social encyclicals seriously."

Padre García also makes clear that remaining Bogotá's "telepadre" is a distinction he places fairly low on the list of what he hopes to accomplish. The TV program, sponsored by *Manuelita*, a large sugar refinery, is only a device, the priest insists, to awaken in the country a "concern to build a new Christian society in which all will have the essentials to live as sons of God."

The keystone of Padre García's work for the poor is a brand new *barrio*, five miles from the heart of Bogotá, containing neat, simple homes where one hundred families are working together and educating themselves for a new life.

In *El Barrio del Minuto de Dios*—named "Minute of God" after the television program—the poor have facilities they little dreamed of ever enjoying: running water in their kitchens, bathrooms, children's rooms separate from the parents, fresh new paint, gardens bright with flowers.

The television program has made all this possible. In two years of broadcasting, the priest has collected over five million pesos (\$625,000) through the program. Sincerity and conviction fairly shine from his face; perhaps it is his lack of slickness and high pressure tactics which accounts for the response.

"We ask a *centavo* a day from those who cannot afford much," Padre García says. "From the rich, we ask more—five thousand pesos to build a house." So far, four hundred persons have given the latter amount.

Shrewdly judging that his television appeal "can't last forever," the priest currently is putting his energy into finding ways for his people to become self-sufficient. In the *barrio*, groundbreaking began recently not only for a hundred additional houses but also for three small factories. Here men

from the *barrio* will manufacture shoes, furniture, and clothing. They will share the profits, as they do already in the *barrio's* first small industries: a primitive workshop where wool is spun and turned into material on hand looms; a small ironworks where a beginning has been made in turning out wrought iron lamps, plant holders, and novelties, and in the bakery and co-operative grocery store.

The bakery illustrates a typical profit-sharing arrangement. Run by three men, the manager gets 40 per cent of the profit, his two helpers are entitled to 20 per cent each, and the other 20 per cent goes to a central fund which is used for the whole Minute of God community.

Two years ago the first families moved into the *barrio*. They pay 40 pesos a month and in four years own their houses and plots of land. One of the pioneers, Señora María Sanchez, declared that she "wants to stay here 'til I die."

She showed off her neat house with its gay living room, dining room, diminutive kitchen, and three small bedrooms. The families are free to furnish and decorate just as they choose (not much variation is possible in construction of the houses). The rooms would be considered cramped for an American family of eight, but to Señora Sanchez, it is heaven. "We are so happy here. Everyone helps all the others. Even the children help. It was not like this where we lived before."

"Our people in the new *barrio* are in a state of transition," Padre García explains. "Most of them come from drafty shacks with dirt floors where they were fortunate to have a bed and where the mother probably had to cook on a fire in the middle of the floor. Little by little they are seeing that it is better to be clean than to be dirty, better to know how to read than to be ignorant, better to have hope for their children—even of being able to send them to the university if they are capable—than to have no hope."

"Too long in Colombia and in other Latin American nations we have had a paternalistic attitude toward the poor—we give them alms, but have little idea of educating them for a better life. In the *Barrio del Minuto de Dios*, we want to educate. That is what makes our project so difficult. Not only must we help the people materially and spiritually, but we must train them to help themselves."

Consequently, there is a steady program of education going on at all levels

A writer-photographer, **ELSA CHANEY** visited Latin America recently as a member of the Grail. Her articles have appeared in several magazines.

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Children in a new barrio see flowers growing in garden for the first time



PHOTOS BY ELSA CHANEY

A barrio, freshly decorated, is a pleasant place to receive guests

in the *barrio*. Social helpers come to teach the women how to care for their homes. A tactful inquiry proved that, far from being resented, the regular visits and advice of these assistants are appreciated. Señora Sanchez summed it up this way: "You see, when we come here, we do not know how to do anything. We never had the things we have here, and these women come to show us how to care for them, how to plant a garden, keep our children clean. We all want to learn these things."

Everyone in the *barrio* studies. All the children must attend school and adults attend evening classes in reading and writing. In the near future, there will also be classes in welding and shoe-making.

The people are educating themselves also through their *conferencias*, which all the townspeople attend three times a week. Here problems and difficulties are aired and plans are made for the life of the *barrio*. Padre García rarely attends these gatherings, preferring to let the people try to work out their problems on their own. However, conscious that the men of the *barrio* have not yet had time to develop enough leadership to run their own affairs entirely, the padre has found in Dr. Bernardo Henao Mejía, a former Colombian minister of hygiene, an outstanding Catholic layman, to take over actual leadership of the *barrio*.

A big day at *Minuto de Dios* is Sun-

day. Just as the fathers of the village are breaking up their Sunday morning *conferencia*, Padre García arrives to offer Mass. The bell tolls at 11:30, and everyone gathers in a big semicircle around the altar in the school hall (the *barrio* does not yet have money for a church).

Besides the social helpers and seven young university students who come to teach catechism, Padre García currently has five laymen assisting him fulltime in his work. Three Bogotanos work in the downtown office, and another in the *barrio*. Then there is Theo, a tall young Dutchman who calls himself an "adventurer" and who has become Padre García's righthand man. Typical of many Hollanders who find little opportunity in their overcrowded country, Theo left home to work with Abbé Pierre in Paris, later joined an expedition going around the world in a jeep. He met Padre García when the jeep was laid up for repairs in Bogotá. Now his streak of practical Dutch business sense is helping to put a firm foundation under the movement.

Theo also provides a little comic relief for the overburdened padre. "What a name is Theo van den Berg," the padre will tease. "Who ever heard of such a name?" Theo is quick to counter with, "I'd like to see someone named 'García Herreros' turned loose in Amsterdam."

Thousands of peasants complicate

Colombia's situation by heading for the urban centers each year. They're drawn by the lure of city life, but many also come through fear of the *bandeleros*, bandits who have found it easier to earn their living with a gun than a plow. It is estimated that 100,000 persons have been killed by the *bandeleros* in the past twelve years.

The peasants who come to the cities settle in already overcrowded areas where they add one more rude dwelling to the huge squatter villages. There they live in unbelievable squalor, often without electricity or water. The government, faced with the sudden and overwhelming influx of people, cannot be blamed entirely. But people cannot live in such misery indefinitely and it is in these fringe areas that Communism grows, breeding on poverty and discontent.

"Modern communications have brought to these people, after centuries of poverty, the knowledge that working people in other lands know how to read and write, own land, live in decent houses, even drive automobiles," Father García says. "Our people rightfully want the opportunity to earn these things, too. But do not make the mistake of thinking that they are beggars. All that they ask is that others more fortunate help them to help themselves."

In the face of such great needs, Padre
(Continued on page 69)



■ Above: Every evening, winter and summer, Andree Degeimbre kneels before a modest shrine in Beauraing, where she saw the Virgin, and leads pilgrims in rosary



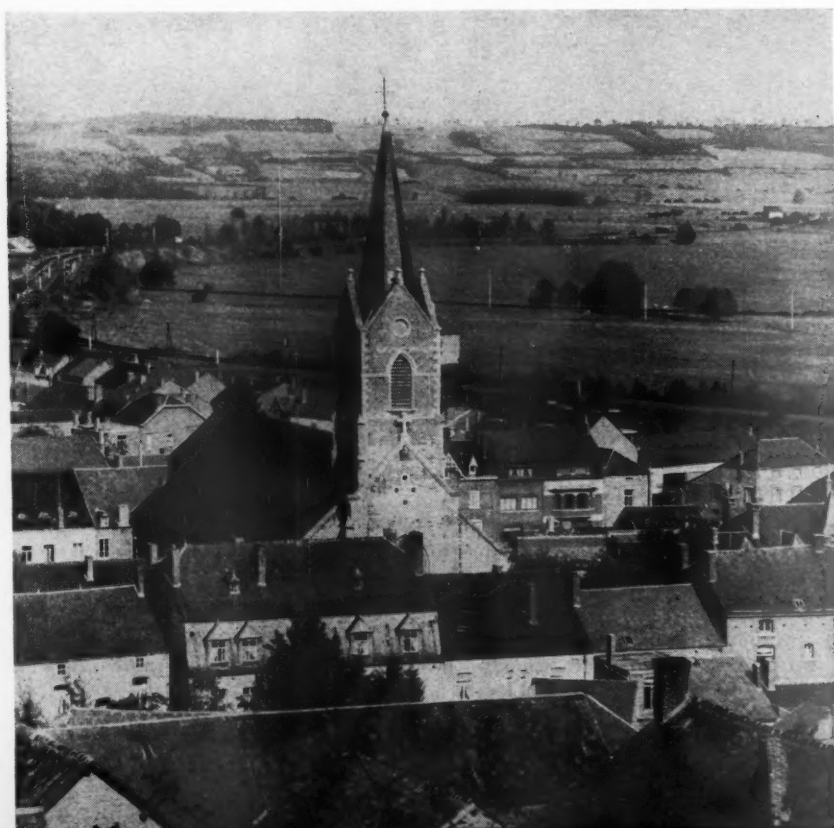
■ Left: After Mass and breakfast with her family, Andree opens her store and scrubs the floor and walk outside. She is a shy woman, content to work and pray

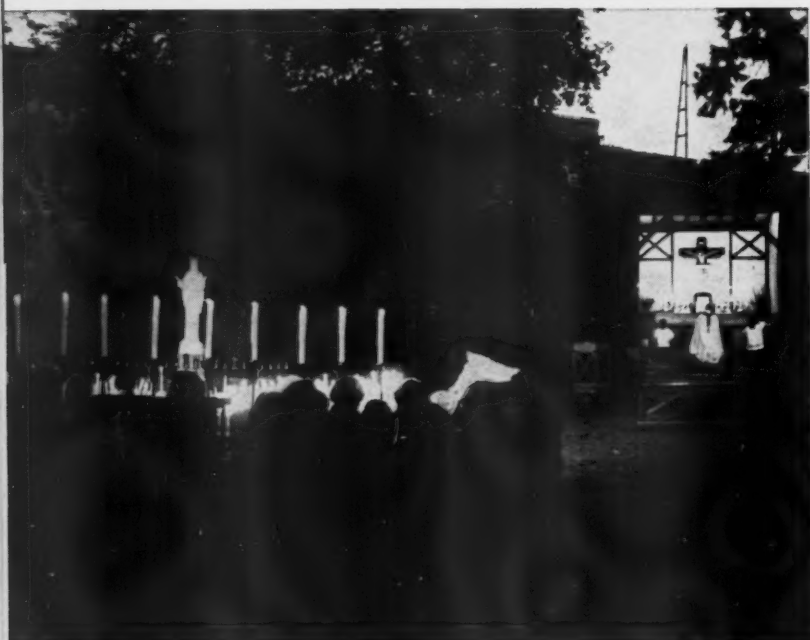
■ Right: The quiet village of Beauraing (pop. 2,400). When Our Lady appeared in 1932-33, many villagers had drifted from the Faith; socialists were in control

Pilgrim for Life

Andrée Degeimbre is among the rarest of human beings: she has seen the Blessed Virgin Mary. Her daily life as a wife, mother, and pilgrim centers around her overwhelming experience of many years ago. From November 29, 1932, to January 3, 1933, Our Lady appeared thirty-three times to Andrée, then a girl of fourteen, her younger sister Gilberte, and three other children. The apparitions took place in the little Belgian town of Beauraing, near the French border. Like the children of Lourdes and Fatima, the children of Beauraing were not believed at first. But in 1949, the Church declared the visions were authentic. August 22, feast of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, is the feast day at the Beauraing shrine. During the apparitions, Mary revealed to the children her Immaculate Heart as a heart of gold, surrounded by glittering rays, giving birth to another of Mary's titles, "The Virgin with the Golden Heart." The story of Beauraing is well known in Europe, though less so in America. An organization has been started in the U.S. to spread Mary's message of prayer at Beauraing: the Pro Maria Committee, directed by Father Joseph Debergh, O.M.I., 725 Merrimack St., Lowell, Mass. A million pilgrims a year visit Beauraing. Andrée Degeimbre is a pilgrim who never leaves. With her husband and three children, she lives quietly in the town. Each evening she goes to the shrine and leads the rosary for whoever is present. A peasant woman, a daily routine of jobs—and a great mystery.

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR THE SIGN BY JACQUES LOWE





■ When her husband became ill, Andree opened a small religious goods shop, a seven-minute walk from shrine. Though she doesn't exploit visions, some resent shop

■ Benediction follows the rosary on Sundays and holy days. Candles burn constantly before statue of Our Lady. Enclosure holds only 500 pilgrims; a church is being built



■ One day, while THE SIGN's photographer, Jacques Lowe, was in Beauraing, a pilgrimage of 10,000 young Belgians descended on the shrine. Says Lowe: "It was an inspiring sight. Unlike Lourdes where the sick reflect sadness and hope, these were able-bodied people, many engaged to be married, marching joyously. There was Mass in the outdoors, confessions heard by priests standing in high grass, and Communion distributed by many priests for two hours. The rosary followed. I saw happiness seldom seen in young people"



■ Above left: Andree and her husband George with their children, Christian (center), hoping to be an engineer, George, Marie

■ Above: Untypical of European families, husband and sons help with housework. Parents aid children with homework

■ Left: on Sunday nights, Andree and George invite friends in, children included. They chat, listen to radio, and eat cakes

*Authorities believe that through Beauraing Our Lady
emphasized the role of lay people in spreading her message*

A dominant fact of Beauraing is that the five children all later married, and they now have fifteen children of their own. "According to our way of looking at sanctity," a sage prelate has remarked, "these children should have entered a convent at a very early age and died of consumption at twenty-two. The Blessed Mother probably has a different way of looking at things." Father Debergh offers the opinion that when Our Lady said at Beauraing, "Pray . . . pray always," she was addressing herself not only to consecrated souls but to everyone, and further, was giving us models of family life to carry out her message. Andrée Degeimbre Vandenstein's life is rugged and peaceful, but not without cares. Her husband is ill, and to help support the family Andrée operates a religious goods store in the town. A visitor is apt to find this big-boned woman with strong, red hands cleaning the store, scrubbing her house, heating water on the stove for the daily washing, getting her children ready for school, or caring for her garden of flowers and vegetables. Simple pleasures of family life are her recreation. Andrée rejects any suggestions of lecture tours. "My duty is to stay here with my family and pray."

■ At 6:30 P.M., Andrée hurries to the shrine for rosary. She carries in her heart Mary's momentous promise given at Beauraing: "I will convert sinners"





A crusade for religion, not only music

The Valiant Lady of Chant

Thousands of children have learned to like and sing
good church music, thanks to Justine Ward

BY PAUL HUME

A PROMISE made to a pope who is now a canonized saint launched the unique career of an American woman named Justine Ward. Although the promise was made more than half a century ago, the work that it set in motion proceeds today as dynamically as ever.

Who is Justine Ward? If you are an American, it is possible that you do not know the name, even though it belongs to one of the most outstanding Catholic women living today. But if you had grown up as a Catholic in Italy, Holland, or France, the name would be a part of your life. But this is getting ahead of the story.

Justine Ward was born in 1879 in New Jersey and brought up in New York City. In that dazzling era, young ladies of social position were expected to work their way through favorite piano pieces by Gottschalk or Ethelbert Nevin but were not burdened with the

tougher technicalities of music. Young Justine did not fit into this pattern. Her father, William Bayard Cutting, a man of taste and culture, was one of the founders of the Metropolitan Opera Company. It became clear early in his daughter's life that her interest in music extended far beyond the thorny problem of what gown to wear to the perennial opening *Faust* of the opera season.

By the time she was sixteen, Justine was studying harmony, counterpoint, musical form, composition, and instrumentation. She continued these studies for six years under Hermann Wetzler. Wetzler was one of the leading musicians in New York, founder and conductor of a symphony orchestra that bore his name. It was with the Wetzler group that Richard Strauss made his first appearance in America as conductor. And it was in the music room of

the Cutting mansion that the great German composer gave the first American performance of his *Domestic Symphony* and his drama for speaker and piano, *The Return of Enoch Arden*.

When young Justine's musical studies brought her up to the fine points of instrumentation, Wetzler cut through the usual academic procedure and taught her by an enviably direct method. He brought a succession of his orchestral players to the house, one by one, until his pupil had mastered the character of each instrument of the orchestra by direct observation of its technique and characteristic timbre.

In 1901 Justine married. Three years later she was received into the Catholic Church.

Several months before this seemingly unconnected incident, Pope Pius X had published his Encyclical on Sacred Music, *Motu Proprio*, one of the most

famous papal documents ever written. Mrs. Ward, a zealous convert, was also a bit naïve. As a musician, she was thoroughly familiar with the vast musical heritage of the Catholic Church. She had studied the great polyphonic works of Palestrina and Victoria, of Lassus, Byrd, and the other masters of the sixteenth century. Now that she was a Catholic, she fully expected to hear these masterpieces in their proper setting. How great was her astonishment to find that *Motu Proprio* remained a dead letter.

THE world of church music into which the convert musician had entered was dismal beyond belief. These were the days when organists played *She's Only a Bird in a Gilded Cage* at the Offertory of the Mass and the "mixed" choir sang the words of the *Tantum ergo* to the music of the sextet from the opera *Lucia*. It was the era of the solo aria during the *Kyrie* and the duet in thirds à la Bellini at the *Sanctus*. People liked this sort of music—it made them feel "good"—the young convert was told.

St. Pius X had spoken out powerfully against abuses of this sort in his historic directive on sacred music "binding on the consciences of all." How explain that these directions remained a dead letter? Justine Ward, filled with the zeal characteristic of those who come to the Church as adults and armed with a musical education surpassed by few Americans of her generation, took the step that has determined the course of her life. She made a solemn vow to Almighty God, in gratitude for the gift of Faith, to devote her entire life to the apostleship of sacred music according to the terms of the encyclical of Pope Pius X.

It was a decision that took courage and a certain natural optimism, since the prospects were admittedly gloomy. "The clergy," she reminisces, "considered music a frivolity, having no relation to the formation of souls. They did not view 'the active participation in the holy mysteries' as 'the first and indispensable source of the Christian spirit,' as Pius X had said. Music was something which should conform to the taste of the congregation. As for the organists and choirmasters, they had no intention of changing their habits and routine."

When she made her vow, Justine Ward had not the faintest idea of what she could do to aid the cause of sacred music. Moreover, she was handicapped by the mere fact of being a convert whose task was to learn, not to teach.

She was further handicapped by being a woman who could have no possible duty as regards the liturgy of the Church.

She tried writing for reviews, Catholic and secular. But something more fundamental was in store for her. There appeared in her path a man of destiny, Very Rev. Dr. Thomas Edward Shields, who was then head of the Department of Education of the Catholic University at Washington and also founder and dean of the Sisters' College. He had launched a system of education for the Catholic schools, providing them with textbooks based on modern psychology and the philosophy of the Catholic Church, making religion the central subject and the means of correlation with every branch of knowledge. He considered music an essential element in education and approached Justine Ward for aid in carrying out his ideas. This was the beginning of what has since been called "The Ward Method."

Mrs. Ward realized all too well that she knew a lot more about music than she did about education. She could not refuse the task, however, and settled down to study pedagogy from the most competent teacher in the United States, Father Shields himself. It became apparent that the same principles that applied to other matters of the mind applied also to the teaching of music. She stayed for nearly ten years, studying, experimenting with groups of children, finally writing her music books for the elementary grades.

At that time there were no Catholic school music books that could boast of any informed plan. During the summers, Mrs. Ward taught now at the Sisters' College at Washington, now at the Pius X School of Liturgical Music in New York. The school children with whom she worked were very willing guinea pigs, and with their assistance she mastered the art of teaching children to sing, making music a delight to these young students and leading them by pleasant paths to participation in the Liturgy of the Church.

Fifty years ago, any long-range plan to improve the estate of Catholic Church music had to begin with one major objective: the restoration of Gregorian Chant to its long-forgotten place at the head of all music admitted to the service of the Liturgy.

For her Gregorian technique, Mrs. Ward went directly to the fountain-head of knowledge about the chant: the Benedictine monks of Solesmes,

France, and Dom André Mocquereau, one of the most penetrating and inspiring scholars whose research restored the Chant. The monks were still at that time exiles at Quarr Abbey on the Isle of Wight in the English Channel. In 1922 the monks returned to France, despite anticlerical laws which were still in force.

Mrs. Ward went to France with them and remained the best part of ten years at Solesmes. It was with this return to France that the point was reached which was, in the words of science writers, "the first major breakthrough."

There was one country in the world—not the largest by any means—that was concerned with the precepts of Pius X. This was Holland. For some years, the Dutch hierarchy and clergy had been looking for some practical system of instruction that would make it possible for them to follow the orders of the late Pope, reinforced by the new Pontiff, Pius XI, in matters pertaining to the musical education of Catholic children and their participation in the sung liturgy. They sent a priest and a lay teacher to Solesmes. There Dom Mocquereau presented them to Justine Ward.

IT WAS this priest, Father Vullingsh, and the lay teacher, Josef Lennards (who is still the Director of the Ward Institute in Holland), who organized the work in their country. They followed courses in America, then returned to prepare teachers in their own land with extreme care and signal success. Holland today is leading the rest of the Catholic world in the amount and quality of Church music being composed and performed. Why? Because for over thirty years the Catholic children of that country have been brought up on the world's greatest music.

Congregational singing of the Mass can be heard in the humblest parishes, since the parents of the present generation of school children all learned to read and sing the Chant in their school days. They have learned as simply as they have grasped the "two-table" in arithmetic. It is characteristic of the Ward Method that in each of its carefully planned stages, the children learn by singing great music—besides the Chant, the works of Bach, Mozart, Schubert, Brahms, Beethoven, and the polyphonic masters.

Late in 1946, under the sponsorship of UNESCO, an international exposition was held in Paris on the subject of music-teaching in the schools. To

PAUL HUME, music critic for the Washington Post, is the author of *Catholic Church Music*, published by Dodd, Mead & Co.

that conference the Dutch Government sent, as its official representative, a group of boys from the Ward Institute. These were not hand-picked, musical-type kiddies, but an entire class of thirty schoolboys from St. Joseph School in Helmond, an average class of fourth-grade pupils.

For the UNESCO observers and the music experts gathered in Paris, the youngsters turned out a demonstration in vocal technique, solfeggio, chironomy (the technique of conducting Gregorian Chant), musical dictation, musical improvisation, sight reading in modern notation and in the Gregorian neums, singing at sight passages from the Roman Gradual selected by the audience. After each of these sessions, the boys sang impromptu concerts of Gregorian Chant and Classic Polyphony with a sprinkling of Dutch folk-songs. Let me repeat: this was an average class from an average parish school taught by their regular teacher.

IT IS easy to see why the government of Holland has decorated Justine Ward with the highest civilian honor, the Order of William of Orange. Few individuals have ever made a greater contribution to the culture of an entire country by a leadership which brought into play the talents and dogged perseverance of its own citizens. Today Holland leads the world in its obedience to the directives of the Holy See regarding sacred music.

The use of the Ward Method spread rapidly from Holland to France. It flourishes today under the direction of Odette Hertz and of the *Institut Grégorien* of Paris where the principles of Solesmes officially are taught. Courses given in Paris and in other parts of France are rapidly spreading the work to Belgium, Spain, Canada, Brazil, and other countries. Today in France alone, 85,000 school children are learning to sing *à la Ward*.

I myself heard and saw the Ward Method in action on an unforgettable night in Paris two years ago. Not the least memorable thing about the night was the heat. It was the hottest week in the recorded weather history of France and, unfortunately, it coincided with the meeting of the Third International Congress of Sacred Music. By eleven P.M. on Friday, the Palais de Chaillot was a steam bath and the audience was beginning to realize that it had heard quite a bit of sacred music during the past week. Even the most dedicated were beginning to wilt around the edges. And then three hundred French school children, boys and girls, marched out onto the stage. The oldest of them

could not have been more than ten. They were there representing "*la Méthode Ward*" under the gifted direction of Mlle. Hertz. Seven hundred had opened the Congress with a Gregorian Mass. But tonight the three hundred began to sing some Gregorian *alleluias* and, among other things, the complex Christmas cantata of Honegger. The audience suddenly revived, as though someone had released a few cylinders of oxygen into the hall.

This brilliant demonstration was given for an international congress of musicians. But it is in the everyday life of France that the effects of the Ward method, twenty years old in that country, impress me most strongly.

My wife, who has a knack of finding herself in rather unusual places, was visiting in the parlor of a cloistered convent in Paris. (And if you think some American convents are cloistered, you should see a French one!) She was telling one of the nuns how marvelous it seemed to us to walk into an ordinary parish church on a Sunday morning and hear the whole congregation giving a splendid rendition of a chant Mass,

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 • The dictionary is the only place  
 where success comes before work.  
 —Quote  
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most of them simply ignoring the music books in the chairs.

"The congregations in the United States, they do not sing the Mass?" the Sister asked, looking puzzled.

National pride notwithstanding, there was only one answer to this question. "Very few, at least where we live."

"Here," the nun went on, "people learn to sing in school by the *Méthode Ward*" (The "W" in the *Méthode Ward* is a constant problem to its French admirers.) "I had thought that Madame Ward is an American. Perhaps she is English?"

My wife hastened to stake the claim that Madame Ward was most definitely American and lived in Washington, D.C., not two miles from President Eisenhower. The Sister thought this over and then asked with typical, maddening, Gallic logic, "But if she is American, how is it that American children do not also learn by the *Méthode Ward*?"

Now there, Sister, is an interesting question. First of all, let me say that many American children *do* learn by the Ward Method, which is used successfully in many parts of the U.S., and in these regions, the Mass is sung by the children. But our country is large and these happy parishes are scattered.

Why does the liturgical movement flourish less effectively here than in Europe? Perhaps, as a nation, we do not yet regard music as a necessity of life. Perhaps because we have been so busy building schools and churches that we have not had time to put music into its rightful place inside them, and thus we limp along in contented mediocrity, letting whole generations grow up without knowing the simple beauty of the Chant and the grandeur of music.

There is no doubt in anyone's mind, least of all in that of Justine Ward herself, that the full efficacy of her work, at least numerically, has not yet been felt fully in her own country as it has been in others. Mrs. Ward refuses to be discouraged and continues to work as energetically as she has been working for half a century. Like all perfectionists, she is never fully satisfied. She continues to work on refinements of a system that is already the product of a lifetime of study. Assistance to the classroom teacher properly supervised—who is the ideal teacher of the Ward method—is a matter that she cannot overlook.

"From a purely musical standpoint," Mrs. Ward says of her system, "there is nothing new. What is new is the manner of making music function in the minds of young children. Any success my method may have had is due to the application of modern psychology to the teaching of music, in such fashion that the child can grasp musical principles and apply them with delight. This result is unobtainable where rote singing and memorized material are offered to children.

"Indeed, religion itself can be assimilated only if appropriate feeling be welded to its truths, and what feeling could be more appropriate than that provided by the Chant of the Church? This whole movement, then, is a crusade for religion and not for music only. Gregorian Chant is a formation of the soul. His Holiness Pope Pius XI said to me: 'Remain in the middle of the road, teach the Chant. Turn neither to the right nor to the left.'"

THE AUTHOR of the Ward Method no longer teaches personally, but keeps in close touch with the directors of the three official centers for teaching-training in her system—Webster College near St. Louis, Missouri; the *Ward Institut* at Roermond, Holland; and the *Institut Ward* in Paris.

Justine Ward has no children of her own, but by carrying out the wishes of a pope now a saint, she brings the spiritual and esthetic glory of music into the lives of uncounted children.

AUNT ROSE was a figure of considerable fascination to me in my childhood. For one thing, she lived in Vienna. Her sister, my Aunt Lily, also lived in Vienna, but she did not appeal to my imagination as much as Aunt Rose. I knew only one fact about Aunt Lily: that she had a weak chest, a thing which was neither unusual nor interesting. But I knew two facts about Aunt Rose and found them both impressive. One was that, as a child, she had crushed a finger in a doll's mangle and had to have part of it amputated. The other was that she had a remarkably violent temper.

In our attic at home, there stood for many years an old hip-bath with



aunt Rose's Revenge

by ANTONIA WHITE

a large black patch where the enamel had been burned off. It was known as "Aunt Rose's Revenge," and the story was that my Aunt Rose had deliberately set fire to it after an argument with my mother. When I was very young I had a confused idea that this hip-bath somehow was Aunt Rose, and I paid many secret visits to it with feelings of awe, admiration, and pity. If anything, my admiration increased when I realized that Aunt Rose had not been turned into the hip-bath as a punishment for her wickedness. I felt that only a very powerful and splendid being could have done anything as naughty as that and escaped retribution.

Aunt Rose's was the first grown-up handwriting I was able to read. It was very large, and each letter was painstakingly formed so that it looked like a glorified version of my own. My mother said this was because of the awkward way she had to hold her pen; it was the forefinger of her right hand that was mutilated. Twice a year I received gay cards, always written in violet ink, wishing me alternately *Fröhliche Ostern* and *Fröhliche Weihnachten*. These gave me a delicious sense of being cosmopolitan and practically bi-lingual. As time went on and I acquired as well various dolls in *Dirndl* and *Lederhosen*, not to mention a cowbell from Salzburg, I began to feel I knew Austria very well indeed. At school I managed to imply, without actually saying so, that I had spent a good deal of time there.

Once she sent me a snapshot of herself rowing on a lake with a very elegant woman and a foreign-looking but quite sensibly dressed child of my own age. On the back she had written: "I am having a most delightful holiday with my dear friend the Countess von Schüttelheim and her daughter Trude. I wish you could be here." Since Aunt Rose's plain, fierce face was almost hidden by a large hat and she seemed to be wearing the same sort of clothes as the Countess, I passed this round at supper saying carelessly: "I jolly well wish I were there. The Schüttelheim's *Schloss* is simply heavenly, and Trude's lots more fun than most Austrian girls." After that Aunt Rose frequently sent me snapshots of herself and always in the most distinguished company, but I seldom passed them around. Too often on the back there would be a word in that painfully legible writing which might give a clue to something I had never told even my most reliable friends. Aunt Rose did not live in Vienna for a private fancy; she lived there because she was an English governess.

During the 1914-18 war, the letters in purple ink arrived only at long intervals and by devious routes. Only one

snapshot arrived: a blurred picture of Aunt Lily's grave almost hidden by the censor's rubber stamp. We did not hear of her death till six months after it occurred. "Dearest Lily got pneumonia going out in the snow to give her lessons: her shoes were *ersatz*, and no more use than cardboard. I could not take care of her as she needed. Our Austrian friends were *most* kind (we have never been penalized: there is no hatred of the *English* here), but even the richest have only the bare minimum of food and fuel. People sell fur coats and pearl necklaces for sacks of potatoes. We had, of course, no milk, or butter. She wanted tea so much, but naturally there was none to be had. I could only give her the infusion of dried blackberry leaves we use instead. It was impossible to keep her warm: there was nothing to put in the grate but balls of newspaper and wet twigs I picked up in the Belvedere Park."

VIENNA seemed very far away in those years. My parents told me now and then, as news leaked through, what hardships Aunt Rose must have endured through those terrible winters. "Poor dear Rose," my mother said. "How she used to grumble in the old days!" She smiled. "The hip-bath. It was something to do with the way the cook made coffee. And now, when she has such dreadful things to put up with, she hardly complains at all."

Then the rare letters began to have a new refrain. "Even when this *fearful* war is over, will my beloved Wien ever be the same? I begin to think of England as the Promised Land. It is my dream to come and see you all if the happy days of peace ever return."

The happy days of peace returned, but Aunt Rose did not realize her dream of visiting us. In 1918, I calculate that she must have been fifty-five: she had been a governess since she was seventeen, the age I was myself when the war ended. She had lived thriftily, managing to put by a little every year; since the holiday of the hip-bath episode in 1900, she had denied herself the pleasure of a visit to England. Her sister Lily had stayed with us in the summer of 1913; six years later Aunt Rose wrote: "How I scolded poor Lil for being so extravagant, but as it turned out, she was the wise one." The war had made a large hole in their savings: the inflation reduced the remainder to little more than waste paper. "A hatbox full of notes to buy a loaf! People go shopping wheeling barrows of paper money. I thank God that dear Lil was spared from knowing that everything we had put by in over thirty years was only

worth a few shillings. When she was dying, she kept saying: 'You'll have my savings, darling, as well as your own. You'll be able to go home and perhaps buy yourself a little cottage.' She would have been too delicate to start all over again as I must now. I am keeping on our tiny flat. Many friends have wished to share it with me. But, though I can ill afford it, I prefer to be independent. As you know, I have always been *extremely* independent by nature."

Like Queen Victoria, Aunt Rose was given to underlining, and she had underlined "extremely" twice. Nine years later I proved that she was fully justified in doing so.

In the summer of 1928 I decided to spend my three weeks' leave from the office in Vienna. Aunt Rose had been begging me to visit her for years. As soon as I announced the actual date, I was deluged with purple-ink letters. "Why not come earlier? The season really *ends* in May. *All* the society people will be away. You will even miss the Opera." I wrote more than once explaining that I was not a free agent, and it must be August or not at all. She ignored all my explanations as well as inquiries for actual figures of the cost of living. In the last letter of this cross-purpose correspondence she wrote: "We who live here have to worry about expense. But for you, with *English* money, it is *quite* unnecessary. You will find Vienna *ludicrously* cheap. As my little flat will not be at all what you are accustomed to, I have booked you a nice room in a very *bequem* hotel in the Kärnthnerstrasse."

I arrived at the *Erzherzogin Anna* very late at night. It was as comfortable as possible, but I doubted if I should find it ludicrously cheap. It had a large staff and that air of sober richness which suggested the worst. A glance at the price list bound in gilded leather confirmed my fears. My room alone, without bath, would cost 35 *schillings* a night—a pound in English money; even at that later hour I had already encountered at least three people who would have to be tipped. I suspected that Aunt Rose had lived so long abroad that she had come to share the prevalent belief that all English tourists are wealthy. Tomorrow I would tell her the real state of the case and ask her to suggest somewhere cheaper. Meanwhile, I might as well enjoy my one night of extravagance.

When I came down in the morning, the proprietor and his entire family were lined up to greet me. They were charming people. My hand was kissed with the same courtly grace by all the men from the grandfather to eight-year-old Heinzl; a carnation was pinned to my

frock. I was assured that the gracious niece of their dear and highly respected Miss Little had only to express a wish for it to be gratified. But, weak as my German was, I understood quite clearly that I was not being offered free hospitality. My aunt seemed to have impressed on them that the English were too proud to accept even a small reduction on the tariff. I had not the courage to say that the *Erzherzogin Anna* was beyond my means and that I should probably be leaving that day.

I made my way to the address in the Belvederegasse, rather struck by the respect Aunt Rose seemed to have inspired in the Drücke family. Was it possible that she was not so poor as we supposed her to be since the war? I climbed flights of dark stone steps, past several landings on which stood unemptied dustbins, till I reached her flat, *Tür 10*. A fierce-looking elderly lady, carrying a chipped coffee-pot, opened the door. She gave me a glance of the utmost suspicion, then flung out her arms and cried: "Elizabeth! *Liebchen!* At last!"

We went into a bare little sitting room with linoleum on the floor and one or two threadbare rugs. It was furnished with three lame wickerwork chairs, a table, a few potted plants, and innumerable photographs. The August sun poured in, showing up the layers of dust and revealing every pouch and wrinkle on Aunt Rose's face; that plain, angry face I had known from photographs since my childhood. Though she was now in her sixties, she looked elderly rather than old. Her short, stout body was defiantly upright, and there was not a thread of gray in her bird's nest of dull, soft brown hair. She wore, in spite of the heat, a dress of faded black serge and an ancient lacklustre moleskin stole that smelt of mothballs.

In spite of myself, I could not help looking surreptitiously for the missing finger. She had learned to conceal it so cleverly that, though she gesticulated all the time she talked, it was several minutes before I saw that her right forefinger ended below the knuckle. When I did, it hardly disturbed me, for by that time I had become fascinated by Aunt Rose's hands. Time and hardship had played their cruellest tricks on her face and figure, but had left her hands intact. They were small, white, and smooth.

After the rapturous greetings and the family messages, I delicately broached, as I sipped my coffee from a cracked cup, the subject of moving to another hotel. A gleam—I swear it was red—came into Aunt Rose's eyes, and the pincer-lines round her mouth deepened.

"Impossible. *Quite impossible.* It

THE CALL

We were young, that summer, and gay
But no one was gayer than she
As each eager swain sought her heart in vain
She would laugh them all away!

She was young, that summer, and free
Or so we believed, till the day
We caught, by surprise, a light in her eyes
For Someone we could not see.

We were young, when she went away
Yet we knew what her joy must be
For her heart had heard His eternal Word
And we would not have her stay.

—FLORENCE HARWOOD STANNARD

would give great offense to the Drückes. They are very dear friends of mine. Besides, it is a very old family. Before the war, they lived like princes. Like princes, *verstehst Du?* Now, like so many of our best people who have lost their money, they have gone into business. They would suppose my English niece, of whom they have heard so much, did not find the hotel good enough."

I tried to explain that the hotel was too good; that I had only a limited sum for my three weeks; that my London flat had to be kept going while I was away; that frankly I could not afford . . .

Aunt Rose broke in superbly: "Naturally I have not asked what they charge. I should not be so tactless. I can assure you you will be given excellent value for whatever you may pay. And, as my niece, particular attention."

"Oh, I know, Aunt Rose. They said so. They were most awfully kind to me because I was your niece."

"They think the world of me," she said simply. "All my old friends and pupils do." She indicated the ranks of photographs that might have illustrated an article on "Four Generations of Fashion." There were women in fringes and bustles, in enormous hats and "Princess" frocks, in the Dolly Vardens and bunched panniers I could remember myself, down to a few contemporary shingles, hip-length jumpers, and knee-high skirts. There were young men, too; some in student caps, some in the white uniform of the Imperial Guard.

"Look at them closer, if you wish," said Aunt Rose. It was a command and I obeyed. I wondered if a slim youth in Tyrolean costume with edelweiss embroidered on his braces could possibly be Herr Drücke; there was a decided likeness to the little boy Heinzl.

"The grandfather, not the father," she

explained. "He was one of my very first pupils. I prepared him for one of the diplomatic examinations. I was only a girl myself at the time, so it was not considered correct for me to give him lessons alone. His sister's chaperone always had to sit in the room with us."

Nearly all the photographs were signed affectionately and exuberantly: "With grateful affection," "With everlasting regard," "From an idle, but devoted pupil."

"Some of the most famous names in Austria," Aunt Rose assured me, and began to give me details of intricate family histories. I listened for several minutes. Then, hesitantly, I returned to the attack.

"You see, Aunt Rose, my room—it's a lovely room, of course—alone costs over a pound . . ."

"Of course they have given you one of their best rooms. I should be exceedingly displeased if they had not." My aunt took a deep breath and expelled it through her nostrils with a sound like an inverted sniff. I recognized the danger signs. My mother had said: "If Rose tosses her head and snorts, go carefully."

"They've given me a beautiful room," I said hastily. "And they have been simply charming. I don't know how to thank you for having arranged everything so perfectly."

The sound of a lavender-woman's song, a harsh haunting cadence, almost like *cante flamenco*, came up through the closed window. I did not want to spend the whole of my first morning in Vienna in Aunt Rose's sitting-room.

"You'll come out and have some lunch with me, won't you?" I asked. "I'm longing for you to show me something of Vienna."

"Vienna!" She almost sang the word in her soft, light voice. Her voice was

almost as incongruous as her hands. It was a young girl's voice, occasionally breaking into a musical giggle. She spoke English with no accent, but with the Viennese lilt, pausing now and then to find the right word. After nearly fifty years away from her own country, German came more naturally to her.

"My beloved *Wien*. If only you could have seen it at its best, in the days of Franz Josef. Naughty girl, why did you leave it so late?" She shook her undamaged forefinger at me.

"But, Aunt Rose, I was only a child in the great days."

"Ach, I forgot. I am getting old and *dumm*. For a minute I thought you were Helen."

I realized with a shock that my mother must have been about my age when Aunt Rose last saw her.

"*Die Zeit ist so grausam*," she sighed. "You know German, Lisa?"

"A very little. Time is so cruel?"

"Splendid. Stay for six months, and I will give you perfect German. I am an excellent teacher. Everyone says so."

"I know. But, alas, I've only three weeks."

She snorted.

"Everyone should know German. It is ridiculous not to stay now you are here. Think of the advantage if ever you had to earn your own living. I shall write to your mother tomorrow."

I reminded her that the reason I could not stay was precisely because I was earning my own living.

"My stupid memory! Of course, you have a post on a newspaper. Very well paid, I hope."

"They don't pay me badly. But living in London is expensive, so you see . . ."

"Then you will find Vienna extremely cheap," she cut in triumphantly. "Of course, living on Austrian money, it is not at all cheap for us. Imagine, they have just put up the rent of my flat. It will work out to ten English pounds a year. I complained *strongly* to my landlord. But he is adamant."

THE *Erzherzogin Anna* looked like costing me ten English pounds a week. My salary was fifteen. But it seemed indecent to mention it. I sympathized guiltily about her rent and implored her to put on her hat and come out.

She assumed a weatherbeaten mole-skin toque to match her scarf, an umbrella, and a crocodile handbag that must have cost a good deal in 1912.

"My friend the Baroness Launerstahl gave it to me," she said happily. "She broke the pretty little mirror in it the first day she had it. *Die arme Hedwig*, she was so superstitious that she made me a present of it."

We went out into the hot, sunlit street. I was very willing to saunter at Aunt Rose's pace, admiring the pale-golden buildings, the green spires, the flower stalls, all the sights and sounds of a new city. But, before we had gone many yards, she shook her umbrella imperiously at a taxi.

"It is so much more pleasant to drive, *nicht?*" she said. "I will tell him to take us round the Ring."

We drove round the Ring. At intervals my Aunt banged on the window and shouted "*Langsam!*" till we settled at the pace of a royal procession. As we drove, she talked of the old days.

"I can remember seeing the Empress Elizabeth, your namesake, riding here in the early mornings. The most beautiful woman you ever saw. You do not see women like that now, even in Vienna. So distinguished, so *apart*. She used to gallop like the wind, with the long skirt of her habit streaming behind her. The escort could hardly keep up with her; she rode like a Valkyrie. They say she used to have herself sewn into those famous riding habits—she had the most elegant figure in the world—so that they should fit like her own skin. Very proud, she was. Very *temperamentvoll*. Her ladies in waiting used to shake in their shoes sometimes. She had almost a mania about her wonderful hair; I forget how many brush-strokes it had to have every day. There was always a white sheet spread under her chair, and if there was one hair on that sheet, she boxed the maid's ears."

I ventured to suggest this was rather unfair to the maid, but Aunt Rose rounded on me.

"She was an Empress, *nicht?* And an Empress who had had terrible tragedy in her life? Is it surprising she should have her little whims and caprices? I'm sure the girl was proud to have her ears boxed by *such* a woman!"

We must have driven for an hour. It was exceedingly pleasant; it was also exceedingly expensive. Eventually I said I was sure she must be hungry. I was beginning to wonder if I had enough on me for lunch after paying the taxi and suggested that we should eat at the hotel. But Aunt Rose said she was sure I should like to lunch at *Mittelheim's* and gave her order to the driver.

Mercifully she allowed me to stop and cash a traveler's check.

"*Mittelheim's* is not so world-famous as *Sacher's*," she explained. "But *Sacher's* will be full of those dreadful Germans. Ten thousand of them in Vienna this week, and all this talk of *Anschluss*. What a ridiculous notion! Everyone knows the Austrians hate the Germans. *Mittelheim's* would not let them in: it is very exclusive. I lunched

here with *Gräfin von Kleidenriede* in the old days."

As I studied the menu, I made rapid calculations. The prices were formidable, but the food sounded delicious, and if anyone ever deserved a treat, it was Aunt Rose. We would have one glorious day: tomorrow I really would have to explain . . .

"You had better have *Paprikahuhn*, Lisa. It is a typical Viennese dish. They used to do it so well here."

"Splendid. Would you like it too?"

She frowned at the menu.

"I should like chicken, but I eat only boiled chicken. Herr Ober!"

The head waiter, who looked like a cavalry officer, advanced on us majestically.

"I see no boiled chicken on the menu," said Aunt Rose.

"No, gracious lady. But no doubt it could be arranged."

"Good. Perhaps you will be so kind as to send for the chef. I have to be most careful what I eat. I wish to explain exactly how I like my chicken cooked."

I STARED at Aunt Rose with alarm and admiration. Admiration won. I thought myself rather sophisticated, but never in London, Paris, or Madrid had I dared to send for the chef. The restaurant was full of elegant men and women meekly eating what *Mittelheim's* offered on a long and varied list. I had taken a table in a darkish corner, snobbishly supposing that Aunt Rose might feel a little embarrassed in her faded serge and ancient moleskin.

The chef arrived. The two had a long conversation in German too technical for me to follow. I could see, however, that my aunt was winning easily on points.

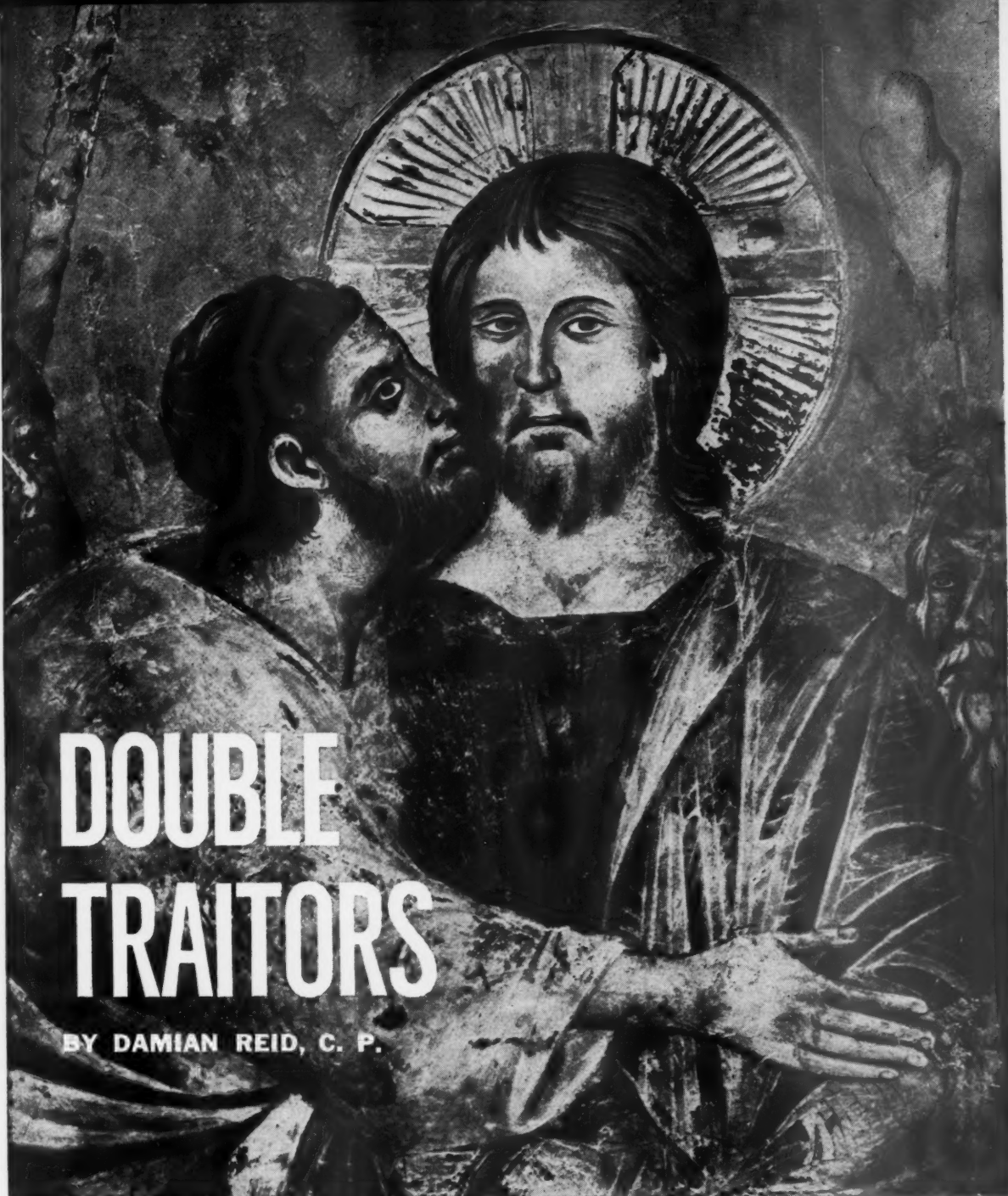
When the chef had retired with great deference, she said:

"So typical of Vienna. Everyone is so obliging. It is our famous *gemütlichkeit*. They have such respect for the English. It does not matter if one is old and shabby. They know an English lady when they see one."

During the very long interval before the boiled chicken arrived, my aunt told me how she had first come to Vienna as a girl of eighteen.

"You don't remember your Grandpapa Little. He died when you were a baby. Your mother must have told you how he came back from playing billiards, bent down to take his boots off, and psst! he was dead. That was how he liked things to happen. He was a very autocratic, impatient old gentleman. There were four of us girls. He did not

(Continued on page 70)



DOUBLE TRAITORS

BY DAMIAN REID, C. P.

The Pharisees used Judas, then betrayed him. Men today are like them

THERE is nothing more unsubstantial than the loyalty of lawless men. Judas learned that the hard way. It must have surprised him. It certainly depressed him. For, after the lesson, he went out and hanged himself.

Judas did a very important service for the enemies of Jesus. Having decided to kill Our Lord, these men had to find a way to do it smoothly and with as little fanfare as possible. Jesus

had a lot of friends among the people. Confronted with a *fait accompli*, these friends would react as the typical, unorganized public reacts. They would be resentful. But they would be vague about effective countermeasures.

But let them see Jesus actually seized, and it would be another matter. There would be no vagueness about procedure. The assailants would be assaulted with gusto and with that almost maniac

power which avalanches from mob emotion.

So the capture would have to be accomplished quietly. The more secretly, the better. And that is where Judas became important.

Judas sensed their dilemma and his own importance. He went to them.

Would they like a suggestion which he could make very practical? Would they like to take Jesus at night? And off

in an isolated spot where nobody could witness the business? Well, he could arrange it. He knew where Jesus spent the night. He could lead them to Him.

And, of course, what would this service be worth in cash?

Here was their opportunity. They assured him:

Certainly they were interested. And they would be glad to get together with him on a deal. They thought him an admirably public-spirited man. Too bad there were not more like him. So, just let him make sure of Jesus' plans, let them know, and lead them to Him.

Oh, yes, that small matter of compensation—how about twenty pieces of silver? Well, they'd make it thirty, then.

WHATEVER disgust with himself Judas felt during the sad tactic of capturing Our Lord must have been softened by the friendly approval of the men he had bargained with. He could not be as bad as he felt, if such prominent citizens as they smiled at him, slapped him on the back, and commended him for public service.

And when his conscience refused to be stilled and he needed a sympathetic ear into which he could pour his self-accusation, these were the men he thought of. They had been so complimentary and reassuring when he first approached them. They had made things so easy for him. That kind of treatment was exactly what he needed now.

He went to them.

But he found them entirely changed. The look they gave him was a look of contempt. The most maddening kind of contempt. Contempt for his intelligence. It didn't mean: We despise your treachery. It meant: We despise the stupidity which could make you think that we would ever want to associate with you except to use you.

The very words they used had a sneer in them: "What is that to us? See to it yourself."

Judas was cast aside like a battered container which has served its purpose and now threatens to become a bothersome bit of litter. His feelings and his self-respect were outraged—as if he had been literally and contemptuously walked on.

In his fury, he threw their money at them. Then he went out and killed himself.

In their treatment of Judas, the first thing which arrests our attention is their disrespect of the human person. Judas'—not their own.

They might have spoken reassuringly to him, conceded that his experience was a disturbing one. To have informed on one who had been his friend, and

then to know how harshly this former friend was dealt with.

But they might have reminded him that the matter was their responsibility. He was quite right in helping them with their duty. The thing for him to do was get a good rest. Then he'd see how foolish his fears were.

This argument would have been fallacious. But it would have been courteous. It would have implied no disparagement of Judas.

Or, they might have spoken gruffly and plainly to him. But in a manner which would not degrade him.

They might have agreed that it was a dirty piece of business all-around. But that they were all in it together. And they would all have to make the best of it.

But they did none of these things. They spat on him. At least their words did. "What is that to us? See to it yourself."

Another notable fact about their treatment of Judas is that their ruthlessness toward him was only a manifestation of their characteristic lawlessness. Law relates a man to society. To God, as a natural dependent. To other men, as a natural equal.

• Knowledge is awareness of the fact that fire will burn; wisdom is remembrance of the blister.—Robert Quillen

Legally, these hard men were completely out of joint. They had no regard for God. In place of His law, they had substituted an elaborate code of their own which they observed with the most pompous exactitude. They had no regard for man. They considered the public as a multitude of animated machines in their service. And its main service, as they conceived it, was to bow obediently to their every demand and to gawk reverentially every time they put in an appearance.

Their whole system of values was erected on undeviating and exclusive consideration of themselves. Which is merely saying that their whole system of values was lawless.

Our Lord was jarred out of His habitual kindness when He recited their transgressions. "Woe to you, Scribes and Pharisees, who are like whited sepulchers, which are beautiful on the outside, but inside are full of bones and rottenness. Thus you appear just to the eyes of men, but inside you are full of hypocrisy and iniquity."

Therefore, we should not be surprised that these men could be so revoltingly disloyal to Judas. Disloyalty to a colleague is the normal fruit of disloyalty

to God. St. John connects the two phenomena. "If any man says, 'I love God' and hates his brother, he is a liar." Which is another way of saying: "You cannot insult a man (any man) without having parted company with God."

This principle, which convicts the faithless friends of Judas, convicts, also, certain modern groups which enjoy a surface respectability similar to that of the Scribes and Pharisees.

For instance, that large segment of the daily press which deals in detraction. It will publish, with sanctimonious censure of the criminal, every sickening crime which will provide copy and increase circulation. It will condemn the adulterer as an excuse for extensive reporting of adultery. It will encourage delinquency in the guise of bewailing the delinquent. And then it will pharisaically extol the blessings of Constitutional freedom of the press. Which can only mean the press's freedom to be delinquent.

Often this ready disparagement of the other fellow exists though not directly manifested. The scoffer cannot always afford the luxury of saying, as the Pharisees did: What do I care about you? I consider you a fool. That attitude, however, is subtly implied in his act.

SUCH would be the advertiser whose claims for a product are so wildly unrealistic that even a moron would not credit them.

Or the military man who takes his turn at telling investigators that our country cannot be defended unless the public provides as many billions of dollars as he can devise ways of spending.

Or the vocal citizen with the suspiciously narrow sensitivity to ideologies. He wants to crucify a giddy teenager for collecting Nazi insignia. But he is perfectly complacent about theatrical producers who hire Communist suspects to write scripts for their plays.

These are all acts of arrogance—methods of placing oneself above one's fellow man, of denying him equality with oneself, depreciating his intelligence, scorning him.

A person thus proves that he is not on the side of God. And he suggests that he is not up to the level of the one he condemns.

That is how it was with the Pharisees. They were insolent toward Judas. But Our Lord never excoriated Judas as He did them.

Judas betrayed Our Lord. So did they. That made them even with Judas. But, then, they betrayed Judas. While Judas had the small distinction of having been faithful to them.

WOMAN to WOMAN

BY KATHERINE BURTON

Good Works in Other Lands

Large charitable works, such as a foundation, an immense hospital, a wide-flung missionary effort—all these are both admirable and deserving of all our praise. But there are many others, saplings rather than great trees, so to speak, and I am going to consider a few here.

In Korea there is a 700-square-mile island, some eighty miles from the main coast, and the people are very poor. Father MacGlinchey, S.S.C., a young priest from Donegal, has been working for some time there to get the islanders to help themselves to live better. He has organized five hundred young people into twenty-five 4-H clubs, and already they have won prizes in national competitions. He has set up an animal bank of pure-bred pigs, and already these bring five times the prices the old variety did. He has set up a chicken bank of a hundred pure-bred fowl, has established a home woolen industry which employs thirty girls, and is now working on plans to import more sheep to enlarge this industry. Because the island soil is very acid, he has produced a cheap fertilizer by utilizing the lime in seashells. As he says, "The beauty of our approach is that it is not a giveaway program."

In India is Sister Pauline, superior of an orphanage which houses waifs picked up by her or brought to her. She does her best for them. She has a dream in addition to her life's daily prose: a means of getting a water supply to her orphanage by generator and pump. It is at present drawn from a little river far down the hill from the house. She and her assistant and her orphans go all the way down the steep slope and then up with their loads of water. Lately there have been tigers in the area and it is actually dangerous to go for water. Sister Pauline has a pen pal in the United States and the latter is now engaged in getting the money for some sort of pump by enlisting the aid of her friends. I am sure that St. Mary Mazarello's Orphanage in Assam, India, will get it.

To a little town in Pomerania came some years ago a seventeen-year-old German girl, driven from her home by the exigencies of war. The nearest Catholic church was fifteen miles away; for the few Catholics, a priest came twice a month to say Mass in a room in the local hotel. The young woman worked in a factory during the day; her evenings she gave to visiting the sick, to getting the children together to tell them stories, to teaching them simple prayers and a little of the catechism. She arranged the altar and, on the evening before the priest came, she went to the Catholics in the village to urge them to come to Mass next morning. The small congregation grew and even had a few converts. The people in the village have named her "Frau Kirche" in affectionate awareness of her quiet work.

It was and is a small work, of course. The interesting thing is that she did not wait to be told to help; she did it. It is also true that the Church does not need special buildings just for its use; any place will do. But there is need of a priest and lay help.

American Lay Missionaries

A young couple left recently from California for New Guinea. Residents of Baltimore, converts to the Church, they had read about a young man who had spent some years in New Guinea as a lay missionary. They decided to go there when they learned there was need of lay help. College-trained, they are going to teach in a college in charge of the Divine Word Missionaries. Kenneth and Ann Barlow told their friends they had decided there was more to life than beating out their brains making money. Did their friends think they were crazy? No, they said; on the other hand, it put ideas into their heads.

Young Dr. Patricia Smith of Seattle, having heard of the Grail organization of lay missionaries after hospital practice of some years, enrolled in their Institute for Overseas Service in Brooklyn and also studied surgery at Adelphi College in the same city. When a request came through Father Duchesne, a Maryknoller in charge of Catholic Relief Services at Viet Nam, for "a girl or two who would like to give some years to the leprosarium at Kontun as aid to Sister Marie Louise," she decided to go there. Some months after her arrival, she wrote home, "Our needs here are simple—prayer, money, and personnel—and in that order." The leprosarium's immediate needs were a trained nurse, some way of heating water other than a wood fire, some kind of floor for the dispensary other than dirt, and a refrigerator.

Sister Marie Louise deserves a bit of laurel, too. A missionary of the congregation of St. Vincent de Paul, she began her work at Viet Nam years ago. Alone, she started a small leprosarium and persuaded the government to build a few wooden houses on stilts for the lepers' families and the United States to build a small dispensary. She makes her way from village to village any way she can—jeep, boat, horseback, or on foot, to find lepers and induce them to take treatment. One can imagine her joy when Dr. Smith arrived with an assortment of instruments and the promise of future medicines and equipment from Adelphi Hospital.

Opportunities at Home

In New York, a group of boys from Xavier High and Regis High have given several afternoons a week to aiding Puerto Rican children in the area with their homework and the still difficult English. It was the bright idea of Mr. Dan Collins, science teacher at Xavier. The tutors meet their pupils in an old tenement on the East Side, now a mission center. The "principal" and the "faculty" are sixteen years old or even younger.

None of these are major works. A priest, a religious, some lay people, all intent on helping along the Lord's work, feeding those who come to them with sustenance for the body and sustenance for the soul. I could quote many more, but I hope I have made clear my text: to get oaks you have to begin with acorns.

KEEP YOUR HAND ON THE DIAL

TELEVISION and RADIO

By John P. Shanley

Although the summer months represent a period of hibernation on the TV screen, plans for the coming season's shows have now reached the frantic stage. The new programs will be unveiled, beginning next month, for a public which, on the basis of what it has experienced in the past, should not be blamed for regarding the future with cautious skepticism.

To appraise the situation charitably, the outlook for the 1960-61 season is mixed. According to the advance word from the networks, the months ahead will again be marked by an emphasis on escapism and nonsense. The cowpokes, the private eyes, and other adventuresome types will be returning, and they will be augmented by others just as far removed from reality.

There will be more situation comedies, with their idiotic caricatures of people and events. Shallow dramas and superficial tales of suspense will be beamed at us in mournful numbers.

But here and there a thread of quality will be woven into the drab fabric of general programing. The networks, smarting from persistent criticism of the errors of the past, have arranged for occasional news, public affairs, music, sports, and dramatic programs that should be rewarding.

Following are some of the prospects for the new season listed according to network. The programs that appear to have potential merit are described first. Others are listed with an earnest but faint hope that they will prove to be better than they appear to be from the information now available. The time, whenever given, is Eastern.

American Broadcasting Company. From the standpoint of popularity, ABC has made great strides in the last few seasons. Qualitatively, however, it has left much to be desired. Its success has been based largely on the appeal of its Westerns and crime shows. The ABC formula may be slightly more diversified this season. Here are some of the network's new attractions:

A weekly series of half-hour filmed programs based on six volumes of the memoirs of Sir Winston Churchill. It will include views of Sir Winston and conversations with other world leaders, including President Eisenhower, former President Truman, Sir Anthony Eden, and Viscount Montgomery. The telecasts are to be shown on Sunday evenings from 10:30 to 11 o'clock under the sponsorship of Bell & Howell. The same sponsor will also present on ABC fifteen programs on "topical subjects of immediate interest to Americans." John Daly will supervise the programs, to be shown at popular evening hours.

Expedition, a series of journeys to remote areas

of the world, including the Himalayas, the forests of New Guinea, French Equatorial Africa, and the Antarctic. Participating will be explorers including Capt. Finn Ronne, USNR, Father Bernard Hubbard, S.J., Victor von Hagen, and Norman Dyhrenfurth.

Father Hubbard, known as the "Glacier Priest," is famous for his extensive explorations of Alaska. The installment of *Expedition* in which he will appear is tentatively called, "Mystery of the Aighileen." It will cover the Jesuit's explorations of the Aighileen Pinnacles, a windswept formation of rocky peaks in a desolate area of Alaska near the Bering Sea. The date for the televising of this program has not yet been set.

The Saturday afternoon college (NCAA) football games, Saturday night boxing matches, Sunday afternoon American League professional football games, and All-Star Golf will be among the sports telecasts on ABC.

Two one-hour Biblical dramas, based on the life of David and filmed on location in Israel, also are scheduled by ABC. They will be supervised by William Goetz, who has produced many outstanding feature films, including *Song of Bernadette* and *Sayonara*.

Harrigan and Son. This series will star Pat O'Brien as a widower and lawyer whose son, a recent graduate of Harvard Law School, becomes his father's partner but is often in disagreement with him. It is described as meeting "ABC-TV's recognition of the need for more programs portraying the warmth and humor of the family situation."

Hong Kong. A filmed adventure series set in the Far Eastern colony. This program will be shown on Wednesdays from 7:30 to 8:30 P.M. ABC makes no secret of its hope that *Hong Kong* will compete successfully with NBC's *Wagon Train*, the program with the highest rating during the past season. The *Hong Kong* series is not to be confused with *William Holden's Hong Kong*, a single program to be shown over CBS.

My Three Sons. Beginning Sept. 29, a Thursday night (9 to 9:30) comedy series starring Fred MacMurray as a widower with three young sons. William Frawley, in a supporting role, will portray a helpful father-in-law.

The Flintstones. An ABC-TV situation comedy series about a Stone Age household and the problems of life in a cave. It will be presented on Fridays from 8:30 to 9 P.M.

Guestward Ho! I hope this ABC Thursday night (7:30 to 8) series, starring Joanne Dru, is not as bad as its title. The story line sounds ominous—a New York family gives up city life to run a dude ranch in New Mexico.

Columbia Broadcasting System. Although CBS-TV next season will have its share of bread-and-butter offerings designed for mass appeal rather than for prestige value, its prospectus also includes a number of telecasts designed to inform or inspire rather than just to waste time.

CBS Reports. These Edward R. Murrow-Fred Friendly documentaries won widespread attention during the past year with their coverage of such subjects as birth control, racial segregation, and the missile race. This time they will be shown twice as often—every two weeks instead of every month.

Leonard Bernstein will return to CBS-TV in two ninety-minute programs with the New York Philharmonic, under the sponsorship of Ford Motors, and in four *Young People's Concerts* to be shown on Sunday afternoons.

Tomorrow. Two special programs produced by CBS-TV in co-operation with the faculty of Massachusetts Institute of Technology. They will show how new developments in science and technology affect the lives of people everywhere.

The Hate Mongers. A special report attempting to answer the question, "Why does man hate?" It has been filmed in Atlanta, Nashville, and St. Louis.

Gian Carlo Menotti has been commissioned to compose a play with music for presentation on CBS-TV some time during the season. Another project listed by the network is a contemporary ballet based on the story of Noah, with music by Igor Stravinsky and choreography by George Balanchine. It will be danced by the New York City Ballet Company.

The Twentieth Century. It will return to CBS with its half-hour telecasts about modern history.

All Family Classics. A series of dramatizations, each to be presented in two installments of one hour on successive early evenings. The works being considered for these CBS attractions, supervised by David Susskind, include *David Copperfield*, *Great Expectations*, *The Man in the Iron Mask*, *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*, *The Prisoner of Zenda*, *The Sea Wolf*, *The Scarlet Pimpernel*, and *Kidnapped*.

Other ninety-minute dramas scheduled for CBS include seven *Du Pont Shows of the Month* and six *Playhouse 90* productions. Harry Belafonte, Jackie Gleason, Red Skelton, and Phil Silvers also are scheduled to star in special CBS telecasts. Another attraction on the same network is worthy of attention because its title indicates the lack of reticence so characteristic of show business. It is called *Art Linkletter in the Holy Land*.

New CBS comedy programs will include *Bringing Up Buddy* (another forbidding title), about two maiden aunts and their bachelor nephew (Sundays, 8:30-9 P.M.), *The Andy Griffith Show*, with the star playing a Will Rogers-style, small-town philosopher (Mondays, 9:30-10 P.M.), and *The Tom Ewell Show*, in which Ewell portrays an amiable real estate man (Tuesdays, 9-9:30 P.M.).

National Broadcasting Company. During the last year, NBC has demonstrated alertness and a sense of responsibility with its coverage of important news and its public affairs programs. The *World Wide 60* telecasts, shown in a Saturday nighttime period when they have been forced to compete with such popular opponents as Lawrence Welk and *Gunsmoke*, often have been outstanding.



Father Bernard Hubbard, S.J., famous "Glacier Priest," will appear on "Expedition," ABC-TV series

Under the guidance of William McAndrew, vice president, NBC News, and with the services of David Brinkley, Chet Huntley, Frank McGee, and its other commentators, the network should continue to provide excellent informational television.


Milton Berle will return as, of all things, the commentator for a series of bowling matches to be seen on Mondays from 10:30 to 11 P.M.

Another NBC series, *National Velvet*, based on an old motion picture, will be presented Sundays from 8 to 8:30 P.M. NBC calls it "the sometimes poignant, sometimes humorous story of a girl, her horse, and her dream of racing in the Grand National steeplechase." Are you fascinated?

On the brighter side, NBC will continue to televise *The Catholic Hour*, a distinguished series that has been characterized by imagination and true artistry (see this space next month).

Peter Lind Hayes, Mary Healy, Shirley Temple, Barbara Stanwyck, and Tab Hunter also will appear in new shows for NBC.

In fairness to them and the others listed above, the viewer who is interested should take a look and judge for himself. If what he sees does not meet with his approval, he can settle matters by just turning a dial. That's one of the nicest things about television.




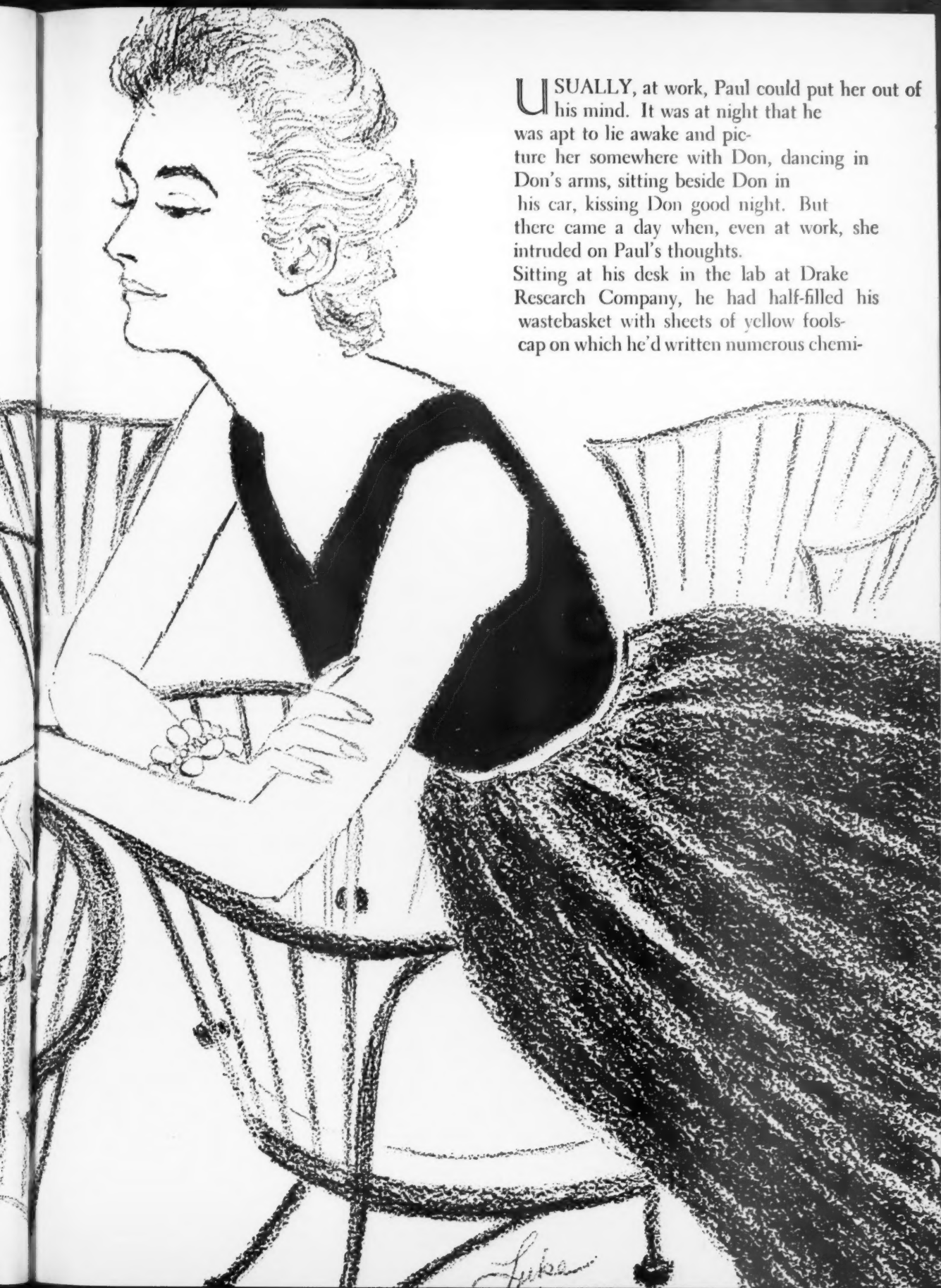
He wanted to get out,
say he felt ill,
—anything

BY HARRIET SHIEK

along comes a girl

Don and he were
friends for a
long time. Now the
girl he loved loved
Don. Question:
What do you
do, just walk away?





USUALLY, at work, Paul could put her out of his mind. It was at night that he was apt to lie awake and picture her somewhere with Don, dancing in Don's arms, sitting beside Don in his car, kissing Don good night. But there came a day when, even at work, she intruded on Paul's thoughts.

Sitting at his desk in the lab at Drake Research Company, he had half-filled his wastebasket with sheets of yellow fools-cap on which he'd written numerous chemi-

MARTYRS' SHRINE

*We should be on easy terms with time
And take his hand before he gnaws our own,
And speak to him before we're spoken to
Of human dreams dissolved to human bone.
Of all the Yoricks whom we knew so well
And all the chimney sweepers gone to dust,
We should be on easy terms with time
And grin and butter him—because we must.*

*Thus I have heard and thus I don't believe
And call time fool, and bid him bite my tongue
If he can find me in this place at all
Where no one's old and no one's really young:
Dead three hundred years I hear them speak
At Masses here beyond Schoharie Creek.*

LEONARD MCCARTHY, S.J.

cal symbols. After writing one more lengthy series of equations, he read it over and felt a stir of excitement. Heat the waste . . . crystals . . . aluminum oxide . . . It would take some test-runs to be positive, but he could swear this was it. It had to be.

He tore the sheet off the pad, planning to take it into the front office and show it to Don. Don wasn't just the business manager now; Dr. Drake, Don's father, had been forced to retire because of a heart attack a week ago. He and Mrs. Drake had gone down to their beach house at La Jolla to stay indefinitely. In order to free his mind of any thought of business, Drake had given the company to Don. So Don, as owner, was the one who would profit by this idea of Paul's.

Paul stood up—a tall man with a shock of rumpled, sandy hair and thoughtful, brown eyes—but his body sank down on the chair again. And the thought came to him, Isn't it enough that Don has Allison? Why should he have *this*, too? I could resign, take it to another company . . .

He cut off the thought, as shocked at himself as though he'd been thinking of dipping his hand into the cash register. True, the Drakes had never asked him to sign the usual agreement which all the other employees had signed saying that any ideas you had while employed here automatically became the property of the company. But that made it even worse.

Frowning, he lit a cigarette. So . . .

Don had Allison. Wasn't it time to accept that fact?

But the future stretched ahead and he saw himself having to serve as best man at their wedding . . . seeing them socially, year after year . . . slipping into the role of "Uncle Paul" to their children. All at once, it was too much. He just couldn't take it. If he resigned now, got out of their lives, and never saw her again, the day might come when he could forget her, forget the way she cocked her head when she talked . . . the shining, black hair . . . the spark in her blue, Irish eyes.

Somehow, during the month Allison and Don had been engaged, Paul had managed to hide how he felt and had pretended to be on the same, old, friendly terms. It hadn't been hard to put over, for they were so wrapped up in each other they were hardly aware of anyone else.

It was such an old story. Two guys are pals, and along comes a girl. He and Don had been friends almost ten years, since their freshman year at college. Paul's parents had died during his junior year, and from then on the Drakes had treated him almost like one of the family. How many Christmases had he spent in their home? How many games of golf had he played with Dr. Drake and Don? He'd been the one to teach Don's kid sister, Judy, how to drive a car and he'd sat with the family at her high-school graduation a few years ago. As for the business, he'd taken almost more interest in it than

Don—at least in the research end—and he'd always felt he was working *with* Dr. Drake, not for him.

Paul glanced over at Dr. Drake's desk, remembering all the times he'd sat there talking with the older man. During one of their last sessions, they'd searched and searched for this very equation that Paul had written down a few minutes ago. A *santana* wind had been blowing that day, just as it was this afternoon, rustling the oleander bushes outside the windows.

Sitting there at Drake's desk, they'd kicked around the problem of how to dispose of radioactive waste material from nuclear reactors. The process they were trying to perfect involved the conversion of aqueous waste material into an insoluble power so it could be buried in the ground without contaminating the soil or underground water.

Dr. Drake had said thoughtfully, "Maybe it just can't be done, Paul."

"There's got to be a way," Paul insisted.

"Perhaps," Drake gave him a quizzical look. "Nothing's impossible to you, is it, Paul? I can't help wondering what you'll do the day you run into something beyond your control. Man can go just so far sometimes. Certain natural phenomena are beyond us: the seasons, night and day, or," Drake nodded toward the window, "take that wind out there. We can make it do things like sail a boat or turn a windmill, but I doubt if we'll ever really control it. Nature says it's supposed to blow, so it blows."

Occasionally Drake was inclined to go off on philosophical tangents. Paul reminded him, "That wind is just part of the weather, Dr. Drake. And we're beginning to control weather, seeding clouds and so forth."

"I don't know, Paul. Nature's always going to withhold some of her mysteries from man. Birth, life itself, death . . . And I, for one, think that's as it should be. Scientist or not, I like to think there's a force wiser and stronger than man in control of things."

"Mm . . ." Paul had said absently, his mind still on the problem at hand.

Now, he looked at the yellow paper again. There lay the solution, or the closest one anybody had come up with yet. And it belonged to Don. Okay, Paul thought. Let Don have it. I can still resign and get out of their lives. In a way, maybe the paper would make up for all the things he owed the Drakes. At least it would ease his conscience about leaving Don in the lurch just at the time when Dr. Drake had to retire.

Paul ground out his cigarette, then picked up the paper, and rose.

Going through the cluttered lab,

heading for the business office in front of the low sprawling building, he spoke a word or two to the men and girls busy at their worktables and benches. Little Betsy Horowitz, five- or six-months pregnant, was standing over her test tubes and beakers. Standing instead of sitting. When he reached her, Paul shoved her stool closer and said, "Shouldn't you get off your feet, Betsy?"

She laughed. "Oh, I'm all right, Mr. Madison. Sometimes I think better when I stand. This mixture . . . do you think it'll ever work?"

"Sure. Just keep trying."

"Okay, if you say so." She sank onto the stool and smiled her thanks as he walked on.

HE WOULD MISS this place, miss these people. He loved his work here and had always felt lucky to be a part of a small but progressive company like Drake. Once Dr. Drake had said, "When I retire, Don and I are counting on you to take over the lab, Paul. That boy's going to need you. He can handle the business end, as we all know, but he's no scientist."

At the time, Paul couldn't help feeling proud and pleased. Now, all he felt was a desire to tell Don he was resigning and get it over with. The relief, the wonderful relief of never having to see him and Allison again or watch their eyes meet, their hands touch.

He had reached the front office now.

Don was standing at his desk, shoving papers into his briefcase. "Hi, Paul," he said. He looked tense and tired. His blond crew cut gave him a young look, but there were faint lines around his eyes. Running this place on his own was no snap, Paul knew, and for a minute he felt the tug of their old friendship when each of them would have done anything for the other. But the thought of Allison stifled the feeling.

The telephone rang. Don answered it with an impatient gesture; he always became a little irritable when he was tired. Frowning, he said, "I can't say off-hand. Give me until tomorrow to look into it. Okay?" As he replaced the phone he sighed, "You know something, Paul?"

"What?"

"I'm just beginning to realize what a responsibility the business is. While Dad was in charge, I felt pretty competent. Now . . . Paul, what do I know about research? Figures on paper, that's all I know—assets and liabilities, balance sheets, net profit. If I didn't have you in the lab . . ."

Paul broke in, not meeting his eyes, "I'd like to talk about that, Don. And I've got something here . . ."

"Gosh, I'm sorry. No time now. Got an appointment with some Army men about a contract." He snapped the briefcase shut. "Look, Paul, I know it's time we arranged things on a permanent basis for you. You're already shouldering Dad's job. Why don't you come out to the house for dinner tonight and we'll talk it over?"

"That isn't what I wanted to talk about, Don."

"Whatever it is, it'll keep until tonight, won't it? Judy told me to ask Allison for dinner, so she'll be there, too. But you and I can talk afterward. Make it about six-thirty. Okay?"

See them together once more? Paul had no desire to go through that again; yet he ached for one last glimpse of her. "All right," he agreed. "Thanks."

He stayed at the plant after everyone else had left and made a clean, neat copy of the waste disposal process, going into more detail than on the original paper. When he'd finished, he folded it, put it in an envelope, and took it with him. After stopping by his apartment to shower and change clothes, he headed across town in the dusk toward the Heights section.

The wind was still sweeping down from the canyons of the Santa Ana mountains, whipping up clouds of dust and reminding him of Dr. Drake. He didn't want to think of Dr. Drake, so he let his thoughts turn to Allison, wondering, as he had so often, why it had to be Don she loved. Paul was sure it wasn't because Don happened to have money or a more assured future. There were no dollar signs in Allison's eyes. But why, then?

They'd met her at a housewarming party given by one of the lab technicians and his wife this past spring. Paul and Don had driven to the party together, without dates, because it was more or less a company affair. When they were introduced to the hostess' stunning, black-haired sister, neither of them seemed able to move away or talk to anyone else. And when someone turned the record-player on, they both spoke up in the same moment, asking her to dance.

"I wish I were twins!" she laughed, but she was looking at Don. "Shall we flip a coin?"

Don dug a hand in his pocket, brought out a quarter.

"Heads," Paul said. It came up heads.

She was like elusive quicksilver in his arms, leaning back and cocking her head in that way she had while she told him about her job as a string reporter for a Los Angeles newspaper . . . smiling over her shoulder at someone . . . and slipping out of his arms when Don

cut in. Watching them dance, Paul was amazed at the flare of jealousy he felt. Good heavens, he chided himself, you just met the girl. And she isn't even your type. He always was drawn to what Don described as "quiet, thoughtful girls."

He and Don both took her home that night. The next day they both took her out on Don's boat at Balboa. And the following Saturday night, the three of them went to hear a new jazz combo at the Blue Dome.

As a threesome, they lasted a couple of months, which probably was a record for threesomes. Several times, when Don was tied up with business dates, Paul took her out alone. Despite the fact that she wasn't as gay without Don along and kept bringing up Don's name, Paul refused to see what it meant. When he kissed her good night at her door, she managed, somehow, to turn it into a friendly, casual thing. Friendly. Casual.

He had never tagged after them again. And when they announced their engagement, he made his congratulations sound as hearty as everyone else's. None of them knew what it cost him. None of them knew about those nights he lay awake, imagining them together somewhere . . . to say nothing of having to see them at the Drake house almost every time he went there.

IT WAS JUDY, Don's kid sister, who forced his eyes open. It happened at the Drake house, at a barbecue to celebrate Judy's twentieth birthday. Everyone else was in the pool at the moment except Judy and Paul, who were trying to get the charcoal going.

One minute Judy was telling him something about her history prof at U.C.L.A. The next minute, staring down at the coals, her loose, blonde hair shading her face, she was asking quietly, "Paul, why do you keep tagging after Don and Allison?"

Something tightened in his chest. "Tagging after? Is that what it looks like?"

"Yes."

He knew she was right, but he had to hear it from Allison. That night, after he and Don had taken her home, he drove back to her apartment alone. It took only a few words and very little time. They didn't even sit down.

"Allison . . . are you in love with Don?"

She said simply, "Yes, Paul."

"Oh. I . . . I guess there's nothing more to say, is there?"

"Nothing except . . . we're all still friends, aren't we, Paul?"

"Sure." He managed to return her

smile, then said something that passed for good night, and left.

Well, tonight was the last time he'd have to do that.

He had reached the house now—a lovely, old Spanish-type place. As he swung his car into the curved driveway, he glanced at the lighted windows and felt a fleeting nostalgia for the days that were gone. But that was just it. Those days were gone.

He got out of the car and bent his head into the wind as he went up to the door. He rang the bell, two short, two long, then walked in.

They were in the living room, having a glass of wine. Don and Allison sat close together on the couch, Judy on a hassock. But he saw only Allison. She wore blue, a dress Paul remembered. It made her hair look blacker than black and her eyes bluer than ever. When he noticed that Don's arm was around her, he thought—Blast him, anyway. Why should he be the one?

Don said, "Help yourself to a drink, Paul. You know where it is."

Standing there, Paul felt his throat close against the thought of accepting Don's wine or food or hospitality. Feeling as he did about Don, he had no right to accept even so much as another cigarette from him. "No, thanks," he said and wondered how to get away before dinner.

"Well, sit down then," Don said.

Still Paul stood there. Should he suggest they go into the den now and talk? He didn't want to speak in front of the girls about resigning, didn't want to have to answer the questions they would bring up. After giving Don the envelope, all he planned to say was, "I'm leaving the company, Don." And he planned to tell one lie: "I've had another offer which I know you can't meet and which I can't turn down." If Don said anything about needing him, he had an answer to that: Any man's expendable.

"Don, I . . ." he began, intending to say he couldn't stay for dinner, after all, and they'd better have their talk now. But Carrie, the housekeeper, appeared and said, "Dinner's ready, Miss Judy."

THE OTHER three rose. There was nothing to do but follow them across the hall to the dining room, which faced the patio. The French doors leading outside were closed, but you could hear the wind, hear the bushes against the house.

"What a night," Don said rather irritably as they sat down. "Isn't that wind ever going to stop?"

Carrie set a plate before Paul. Lamb

chops, rice, a vegetable. He couldn't possibly swallow it. It had been wrong to come here in the first place. He should have insisted on talking to Don this afternoon at the plant or—why hadn't he thought of it before?—given him a written resignation. That was the business-like way. He could write it tonight, give it to Don in the morning. Right now the thing to do was get out of here . . . say he felt ill . . . anything. He cleared his throat to speak.

Just then the wind howled like something alive and there was a rending, ripping noise followed by the clank and crash of metal on concrete.

The girls started. Don said, "There goes the awning! Blast that wind, anyway!"

For a minute Don's words reminded Paul of his own silent words when he'd looked at Don and Allison on the couch.

Allison put her hand on Don's arm. "Relax, Don. Cursing the wind isn't going to stop it."

He grinned sheepishly. "I guess you're right."

Cursing the wind isn't going to stop it. To Paul, those words seemed to be an echo of Dr. Drake's words. "Take that wind out there. Nature says it's supposed to blow, so it blows." What else had Dr. Drake said about nature? "Nature's always going to withhold some of her mysteries from man. Birth, life itself, death . . ."

And love? Paul wondered. What about love? Talk about mysteries. *Why*, out of all the world, should two certain people be attracted to each other and to nobody else? There was no answer, unless . . .

He glanced at Don and Allison in a new, curious way. Why, sure. Until somebody came up with a better answer, maybe Dr. Drake had the right philosophy: *Nature said those two were supposed to love each other, so love each other they did.* And that meant it was beyond Don's control, Allison's control, or Paul Madison's control.

"Paul," Judy said, "aren't you hungry?"

"I . . . yes. Just daydreaming, I guess." He picked up his fork and automatically began to eat. But his thoughts were elsewhere. He was remembering Dr. Drake saying to him, "I can't help wondering what you'll do the day you run into something beyond your control."

Well, now we know, Paul thought. That day is here. And what am I planning to do? Resign? Leave Don when he needs me the most? Give up a job I love? No. There's been a change in plans. I'm through cursing the wind.

The meal went on. Paul took part in the conversation and ate most of his food. Looking at Don and Allison, he didn't kid himself that the future had changed much. It still stretched ahead of him. He'd still have to be best man at the wedding, probably, and have to hear their children call him "Uncle Paul." But he'd manage the future, somehow.

LATER, IN THE DEN, when he took the envelope out of his pocket and explained the waste disposal process to Don, he thought—if it works, this is one more time man will control nature. *If.* And he felt a new, deep respect for all natural phenomena which were beyond him.

Don said, "What a breakthrough this would be! No wonder you didn't want to wait until tonight to talk about it. But I've got some news for you, too, Paul. This afternoon I told my lawyer to draw up the necessary papers. They'll be ready for us to sign tomorrow." Don grinned, held out his hand. "Okay, partner?"

It took a long time for it to sink in. When it did, Paul couldn't say a word. Even after they'd rejoined the girls and a toast had been drunk to him, all he could say was that he didn't know what to say.

Don laughed. "You'll probably be saying plenty tomorrow, telling me how to run things. And don't think I won't be glad to share the load."

Paul left soon after that. Judy walked to the door with him and he felt so good, so . . . well, just plain good that he blurted out, "Your hair, Judy. I like it short like that."

"Thank you. I was wondering if you'd notice it."

At the door she smiled, held out her hand, and congratulated him again. He noticed a charm bracelet on her wrist and heard himself ask, for no reason in the world, "Is that the bracelet I gave you for your high-school graduation?"

She nodded.

"Gosh, that must have been a couple of years ago."

"Three."

"Really?"

She nodded again and they said good night. As he went out to his car, his mind was so filled with thoughts that he couldn't separate them and didn't try. Partners. Drake and Madison. The wind must have died down. Quiet out now. Funny girl, Judy. Seldom spoke unless she had something worth saying. Always been a rather—how would you describe her?—a rather quiet, thoughtful girl.

SPIRITUAL THOUGHT FOR THE MONTH

Population Explosion Again

BY KILIAN McDONNELL, O.S.B.



REACTION of Catholics to discussion of the population explosion was interesting from several points of view.

The tendency of Catholics, when faced with the suggestion that the problem be solved by contraception, is to overemphasize what those who propose birth control measures seem to deny: the obligation of parents to procreate. When procreation is singled out as though it constituted the whole of marriage, we give the impression that Catholics are bound in conscience to have as many children as is humanly possible. Sacramental marriage is directed to the procreation and education of children, the fostering of mutual love, the legitimate satisfaction of sexual desires, and the personal sanctification of parents and children.

The primary obligation to procreate is part of a greater complex which goes to make up family life. And, pressed by the necessities of defending our position on the primacy of procreation—and education—of children, we should not be led to neglect other values and obligations. A battle in defense of a part should not lead us to forget the whole to which it belongs.

But what the population explosion showed to us with uncommon clarity was that Catholics profess a system of values not shared by the majority of Americans. It is a case of a minority living in a culture which is based, to a degree, on a premise, artificial birth control, which the minority cannot accept. Contraception has become so generally accepted by the American public that it has become institutionalized.

From institutionalized contraception follows the erection of the small family as an ideal, an image which is projected by our advertisements depicting a family of two children, possibly three, hardly ever four. Wages become gauged to the dominant pattern of small families, as do housing projects, which are conceived as large doll-houses. The spending habits of Americans—a power lawnmower for a lawn about as large as an oversized living room—follow the

pattern of small families where there is money left over for luxury items. In such a pattern, couples marry with the expectation that both will keep their previous jobs.

Into a society which is built up partly by contraceptive practices, the American Catholic has to fit himself. He does not and cannot accept the premise on which it is built, institutionalized contraception, but he has no choice but to live within it. And he will always be somewhat at odds with this social system. He will be tempted to conform to its patterns, to adopt its values, and to accept its premise, contraception. This particular temptation is the most subtle of subtle temptations; the temptation solicits from within the cultural framework: newspapers, books, television, schools, housing programs, wage scales.

The attack on our Christian values and doctrines is not frontal; a declaration of war and open warfare we could handle, because here the enemy declares himself and we know him for what he is. But there is no declaration of war and the attack is really not an attack. It is more the embrace of a familiar friend who is always near, who is easy-going and eminently lovable. This friend can lead us, almost willingly, to a shame to which no enemy could have compelled us.

The Catholic answer, in part, to the population explosion was the rhythm method. The public received the recommendation with skepticism where it was not rejected. And, given the general cultural background of contemporary life, the reaction is understandable. The attitude of the public was not dictated by concern for the reliability of the rhythm method. It was uninterested because the rhythm method, even when perfected by medical science, would always imply the element of self-control, abstinence for about eight days a month.

If modern life is built upon the assumption that man should have an ever higher standard of living, and a certain

frugality is no longer desirable, then pleasure becomes an ultimate. The ideal then is for man to gratify his senses in all the legitimate ways he can. And if this is the philosophy of life, then the rejection of rhythm is hardly a thing at which to wonder. It seems highly unrealistic to think that a man who never denies himself in any other area of his life will be able to deny himself in the one area where passions are demanding.

THE institutionalization of contraception has made it evident how different the Catholic estimation of sex is from that of a secular culture. Sex has become a besetting preoccupation, and it occupies a position of eminence out of all proportion to its importance in a healthy social life. The sex act is divorced from its context, family life, the procreation and education of children. It is not seen as the full act of love which is the complete surrender, but rather as mutual gratification, a kind of selfishness divided by two. The emphasis is on the physical aspects of the act, an emphasis which results in mutual sexual exploitation. The quality of such exploitation is quite different from the generous embrace of persons who give over the whole of their beings, body and soul.

The emphasis on the physical and sexual exploitation has prevented contemporary man from arriving at a balanced view of sex, a view which would integrate the personal and social aspects of marriage. Because of this failure, young people adopt the sexual attitudes of their culture and thus enter marriage with an immature concept of sex. The girls do not tend to think of their femininity in terms of motherhood, as Father John L. Thomas has noted, nor the boys their masculinity in terms of fatherhood.

All of this is not said to disparage the role of sex in marriage. It is only to deny that sex is the ground of our being, sexual union the ultimate concern. Man has other noble aspirations than to be perpetually making love.

The Olympics are ancient history.
Rome is ancient history. The two were
made for each other



TALES OF THE INTERNATIONAL MUSCLE DANCE

BY RED SMITH

Hippodamia was a doll. On that point there was no dispute, but her old man played rough. His name was King Oenomaus, and he ruled the pleasant green valley of Olympia in southwestern Greece where the River Alpheus flowed between snowy peaks on its way to the Ionian Sea. A harness-racing buff, it was his wont to offer a sporting proposition whenever some young buck parked his chariot at the curb to speak for Hippodamia's hand in marriage.

"Happy to have you aboard, Mac," he would say, "on one condition." Then, ordering his charioteer to hitch up the royal gig, he would invite Young Sparks to take the blushing maiden into his roadster and set off down the river road, with the fun-loving monarch in pursuit.

If the couple could beat Big Daddy across the county line, it was hi-ho for Niagara Falls. If the old boy caught 'em, he skewered the swain with his javelin and hauled his daughter back home to help with the pizza pies. This kept His Majesty out in the open air

and gave him a lot of keen, zestful sport, but since he owned the fastest horses in the land and always got a big pull in the weights against a chariot carrying double, it began to look as though Hippodamia would spend her life in the kitchen.

BY THE time Oenomaus bumped off thirteen suitors, word got around that making passes at the beautiful Hippodamia was bad for the health. Then came Number Fourteen, a sharp lad named Pelops. Before presenting himself at the main house, he dropped into the garage and bribed the royal chauffeur to fix the old boy's wagon.

The customary terms were outlined and the race arranged. With a little sigh of hopeless resignation, Hippodamia removed her apron, hung it where she could retrieve it easily, and climbed onto the seat alongside her sire's newest pigeon. "Giddap," said Pelops, shaking the reins. "See you later, Pops."

The sulkies went bouncing and clattering down the valley, the drivers flailing away with their buggywhips like Del Miller and Billy Haughton at Yonkers Raceway. Oenomaus was gaining steadily. At a bend in the river he fetched his horse a couple of sharp licks and the steed responded with a burst of speed. The gimmicked axle of the rig gave way, one wheel went spinning off. His Royal Highness was catapulted against a rock and broke his ruddy neck.

"A rub of the green," Pelops said. "It could happen to anybody."

"Yeah?" said his bride. "The other horse would of won easy if the old man hadn't drove him like a Chinaman. You like pizza?"

According to legend, that chariot race was the very first Olympic competition. Pelops marked the spot where his prospective father-in-law had been driven into the ground like a stake, and instituted the games in a nearby meadow. However, we have to take the word of the Greek poets for that. The first event in recorded Olympic history was a 200-yard dash over that same meadow won by Corebus of Elis in 776 B.C., centuries later.

On Thursday, August 25, 1960, President Giovanni Gronchi of the Italian Republic will stand up in the Stadio Olimpico, a big soccer park in an athletic plant beside the Tiber called Foro Italico, and tell a microphone: "I hereby declare open the games of the XVII Olympiad of the modern era."

It will be Rome's first official turn to run the carnival which the Romans stole from the Greeks, and helped corrupt, a couple of thousand years ago.

In a sense, this international muscle-dance is coming home this year, or at least it is returning to a foster home.

When the glory that was Greece gave way to the grandeur that was Rome, the Romans horned into a competition that originally had been restricted to Greeks. Three Roman emperors, Tiberius, Germanicus, and Nero, won Olympic chariot races in those days, but they probably cheated.

At least, Nero managed to mess things up pretty thoroughly. In the 211th games of the ancient era in 67 A.D., he got into a race with a chariot drawn by five pairs of unbroken horses. "Impelled by a theatrical vanity," says one account, "he was willing to die and lose an empire to win an Olympic crown."

Pretty nearly did, too. The horses broke the harness and pitched him out of the chariot onto his knob, but instead of a coffin he got a wreath of olive. He had the judges in the bag.

Both Rome and the Olympic Games have known changes since Nero's day, but the Italians haven't lost their theatrical flair. Plans for the Olympic marathon couldn't be more melodramatic if Gina Lollobrigida were leading the field in a track suit.

Usually the games open with track and field competition and dwindle toward a conclusion with swimming, cycling, soccer, weight-lifting, and so on. The fine Italian hand has reversed the program, building up to the track and field events which are scheduled for the last nine days, with the marathon as the grand climax.

In the past, this race has started in the main stadium, followed city streets and suburban highways for twelve miles or so, then retraced the route to the finish on the stadium track. That's the stodgy Avery Brundage pattern; Rome has employed a more imaginative architect—Appius Claudius the Blind.

About 5 P.M. on September 10, the marathon field will assemble at the base of the equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius in the Piazza del Campidoglio, the square on Capitoline Hill which Michelangelo remodeled in the sixteenth century. The runners will descend the great stairs to the foot, and at 5:30 the starter will send them off along broad Via dei Fori Imperiali, past the Roman Forum, past the green flank of Palatine Hill, past the crumbling battlements of the Colosseum.

Now they go pattering over cobbles and asphalt, past the ancient Baths of Caracalla to the southerly outskirts of the city, to start back at last along Via Appia Antica, the original Appian Way.

This is the road, built 312 years be-

fore Christ, that the poet Statius called "queen of roads." Here the pagan processions shuffled toward the Temple of Jove on the peak of Monte Cavo. Caesar's legions trod these flags of lava stone. On these same slabs St. Peter, fleeing Rome, knelt to pray: "*Domine, quo vadis?*"

Darkness will be falling now. Torchlights will show the way through Piazza Numa Pompilio, along Viale delle Terme di Caracalla into Via dei Trionfi and so to the finish at the Arch of Constantine. It would be an unimaginative witness indeed who couldn't by that time hear the roars of lions scrapping over Christian giblets in the Colosseum nearby.

Rome has waited a long time for this show. The games of 1944 were to have been held there, and as early as 1928 Mussolini began building the arena that is now Stadio Olimpico. Since the carnival was assigned to this city, Rome has created the most elaborate, complete, and lavish athletic plant that man has built since the days when crowds of 385,000 watched the chariot races.

Alongside the main stadium, and connected to it by tunnel, is the Stadio dei Marmi (Stadium of Marbles) surrounded by 60 massive statues of white marble depicting sports favored in various Italian cities. Here 8,000 athletes will assemble for the grand march into the stadium for the opening ceremonies.

IN THIS area at the foot of Monte Mario are an outdoor and indoor swimming pool. Within walking distance across the Tiber, in a district called Campo Parioli, are the huge apartment houses of Olympic Village where the athletes will live. Brand new Flaminio Stadium, for soccer, is there, and the Palazzetto della Sport (Little Palace) for basketball.

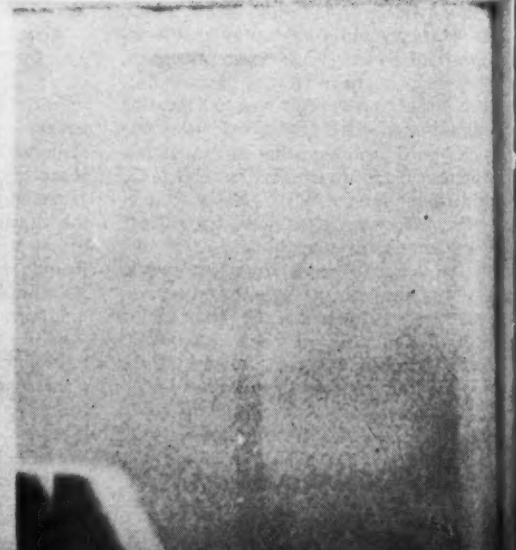
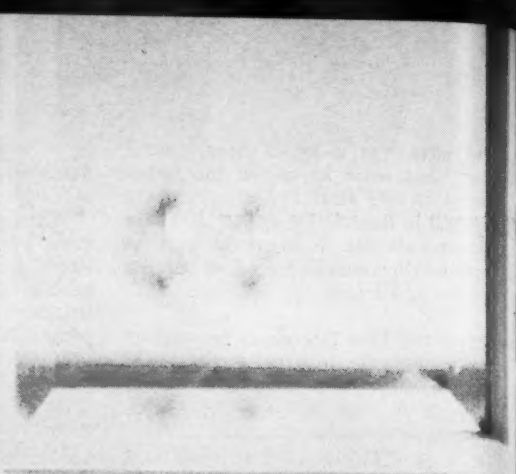
Across town are the larger Palazzo della Sport, the Rose Swimming Pool for water polo, the Cycling Velodrome, and the Palace of Congresses for fencing.

Yachting competition will be held in the Bay of Naples, rowing and canoeing on Lago Albano south of Rome in an area that produces luscious, little, wild strawberries, gymnastics in the Baths of Caracalla, and wrestling in the Basilica di Massenzio.

Incidental notes:

Both the main stadium and the Flaminia soccer park have built-in concrete moats to protect the athletes from the fans.

The millions spent for this carnival of amateur sport came from gambling. The Organizing Committee gets a piece of the weekly football pools. Everybody in Italy bets.



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that dream, that total childhood

BY DANIEL BERRIGAN, S.J., SPIRIT MAGAZINE

*An Essay on Childhood
in Photographs and Poetry*

PHOTOS BY JACQUES LOWE

I child who loves with laughter,
Whose sorrow tears assuage,
Whatever fate betide you,
However years may age,
Let worldliness not tarnish
Nor surfeit ever plunder
Your priceless human birthright,
The legacy of wonder.

"HUMAN HERITAGE"

BY FRANCIS HIGGINSON SAVAGE,
SPIRIT MAGAZINE



Who knows the thoughts of a child,
The angel unreconciled
To the new strange world that lies
Outstretched to its wondering eyes?

"WHO KNOWS?" BY NORA PERRY

A lovely being, scarcely form'd or moulded,
A rose with all its sweetest leaves yet folded.

BYRON'S "DON JUAN," CANTO XV, STANZA 43



My heart hath melted
at a lady's tears.

SHAKESPEARE'S "KING JOHN,"
ACT V, SCENE 2

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I looked and looked to see
if among those children at play
there was the child I used to be
up in that golden bay.

"THE CHILD I USED TO BE"
BY JOSEPH TUSIANI

The sports of children
satisfy the child.

"TRAVELER"
BY OLIVER GOLDSMITH



Lay on my neck thy tiny hand
With love's invisible sceptre laden.

"PHILIP, MY KING"

BY DINAH MARIA MULLOCK CRAIK



by Adrian Lynch, C.P.

THE SIGNPOST

Attendance at Invalid Marriage

Is it wrong for a Catholic to attend the wedding or reception of a Catholic friend who marries a non-Catholic in a non-Catholic church?—WAUKEGAN, ILL.



The following statute of an Eastern diocese is typical of the common attitude of Church authorities about this matter. "Catholics are forbidden to take part in or attend weddings of divorced persons, or weddings before a civil magistrate or a non-Catholic minister, when one of the parties is a Catholic. Catholics are forbidden to attend receptions or showers in connection with such weddings because of the scandal."

The reason for this prohibition should be apparent to any sincere Catholic. The Catholic party enters an invalid union in defiance of the law of the Church and incurs excommunication. A Catholic who is present at it or the reception implies his approval of the deed and is morally certain to give scandal.

Offering Holy Communion

Sometime ago you said that Holy Communion could not be offered for another and should not be included in spiritual bouquets. Our priests and nuns here say that they can.—FOLEY, MINN.

You misread the answer. It is as impossible to receive the Grace of the Sacrament of the Eucharist for another as it is to take material food for the nourishment of another. When the reception of Holy Communion for another is included in a spiritual bouquet, it means that on the occasion of its reception one will pray for and offer to God the merit of the good work that may be donated to another.

Created Grace: Pride and Conversion

(1) If sanctifying grace is a sharing in the life of God, how can it also be termed "created?" (2) If a person becomes very depressed at the thought of the stubborn ignorance of anti-Catholic "good" Protestants, does that constitute pride in oneself at not being able to convert them?—PHILADELPHIA, PA.

(1) Grace is divided into two general kinds—uncreated and created. The first is God Himself, who communicates Himself to an intellectual creature; the second is a gift freely bestowed by God and distinct from Him, an effect of divine love. Each kind is mentioned by St. Paul: "the charity of God is poured forth into our hearts by the Holy Spirit, who is given to us." (Rom. 5, 5). The soul that possesses charity is like unto God, a sharer in the divine nature. (2 Pet. 1, 4) but not God. The creature cannot become the Creator, but through grace like unto Him in a special, supernatural way.

(2) All one can do is to act as an agent of God to prepare

the soul of another for the reception of the gift of faith. Even St. Paul the Apostle was not able to convert all his brethren for whom he labored, which caused him "great sadness and continual sorrow of heart." (Rom. 9:2). One might be proud who imagined that his technique was so efficacious that no one could possibly resist it. Fervent and persevering prayer is of more importance than technique as St. Paul realized: "I have planted, Apollo hath watered, but God giveth the increase." (1 Cor. 3:6). St. James advises, "pray one for another, that you may be saved." (5:16).

Prayer And Plants

In one of the weekly magazines there was an article by a minister which demonstrated that prayer produces spiritual nourishment for plants and makes them grow faster than usual. What should one think about this?—NEW YORK, N. Y.

Prayer to God is good and even necessary, but I don't think that a prayer made to test God would be pleasing to Him. It looks rather like a violation of the prohibition, "Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God."

Church of Christ: Manner of Baptizing: Holy Communion

(1) I have a friend who is a member of the Church of Christ. Will you please tell me something about this church and what it believes? (2) Why do we baptize by pouring water on the head instead of by complete immersion, as Christ was baptized? (3) Why do we receive only the Body of Christ in Holy Communion and not the Blood also?—SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

(1) The following answer regarding the Churches of Christ is from *That Catholic Church* by Fathers Rumble and Carty, which ought to be in every Catholic home library: "They constitute a militantly Protestant American sect, dating from about the year 1900. They owe their origin to a Rev. Alexander Campbell. Mr. Campbell was born in Ulster, Ireland, in 1788, and was taken to America by his parents in 1809. He was brought up a Presbyterian, but in America he became a Baptist. Quarreling with the Baptists, he left them to form his own church, the members of which called themselves the Disciples of Christ. Campbell died in 1866. But after his death a dispute broke out among his followers as to whether it was lawful or not to play the organ during religious services. They split into pro-organ and anti-organ factions. In 1900 the anti-organ faction broke away from the Disciples of Christ and set up an independent church under the title of Churches of Christ. These latter have their chief stronghold today in Texas, U.S.A.; and it was from there that missionaries were dispatched to convert Catholics to their sect." A pamphlet about these sects may be obtained from Radio Replies, 500 Robert Street, Room 500, St. Paul 1, Minn. Price 15 cents, plus postage.

(2) Our Divine Lord instituted Baptism when He declared, "Unless a man is baptized with water and the Holy Ghost, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God." Jesus did not determine *how* the water was to be applied, though He was baptized in the Jordan by John the Baptist by immersion. The Catholic Church used three methods of applying the water in Baptism: immersion, sprinkling, and infusion. The latter method is the one commonly employed today and for many years. It has certain advantages, such as convenience. Imagine the danger of baptizing an infant newly born or a crippled oldster if immersion were the only valid method of conferring this Sacrament! And suppose there was not enough water for complete immersion.

(3) The reason for giving Holy Communion under the form of bread is also convenience. But by doing this the Catholic Church does not withhold from the faithful the Blood of Christ. It is Catholic doctrine that Christ our Lord is whole and entire under each form—bread and wine. Only the celebrant of the Mass is obliged to receive the Sacrament under each form, because he represents Christ and does what Our Lord ordered the priest to do, to offer to God bread and wine, to change them as to their substance into the Body and Blood of Christ, and to consume them.

Mysteries of Rosary

I have often wondered why the Immaculate Conception is not one of the mysteries to be recalled in the recitation of the Rosary. If we meditate on the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin, why not also on the Immaculate Conception?—WHITE PLAINS, N. Y.



The Rosary of the Blessed Virgin in its complete form of fifteen decades includes some of the principal events in the life, sufferings, and glorifications of Our Lord and His Blessed Mother. The liturgical celebration of the Assumption was much older than the Immaculate Conception and was also more widespread as a popular belief among the faithful than belief in the Immaculate Conception. This may have been the reason for the choice, when meditation was united with vocal prayers in the fifteenth century. You could include the mystery of the Immaculate Conception when reflecting on the first joyful mystery—the Annunciation.

Supporting the Church

I put a small amount of money in the plate collections at both Sunday Masses that I attend, but I refuse to use envelopes. I contribute directly to two missionary societies. Do I fulfill my duty?—CALIFORNIA.

As long as you contribute to the support of your parish "according to your ability," you should not worry. The use of envelopes is widespread in the United States and has advantages which should be considered, such as insuring regularity, tabulation, etc. However, some parishioners do not approve of them.

Listings of Legion of Decency

Where can I obtain the complete listing and ratings of the Legion of Decency for the years 1935-1960.—UTICA, N. Y.

I suggest that you write to the headquarters of the National Legion of Decency, 453 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y.

Literature About Masons

Would you please explain the Masonic Order, especially why a Catholic cannot be a Mason, the number of lodges, the differences between Red and Blue Lodges, whether they believe in God, and also the differences between the Masons and the Knights of Columbus, if any.—CARNEGIE, PA.

You need a detailed explanation which would take up too much space here. I suggest that you write to The Paulist Press, 180 Varick Street, New York, N. Y., for a list of their pamphlets about Masons and Forbidden Societies. In this connection, I think it well to mention a recent book on the Freemasons which is one of the best treatments of this recurring problem. It is entitled *Christianity and American Freemasonry*, by William J. Whalen, published by Bruce Publishing Co. of Milwaukee, Wis. Price \$3.75, net. It is modern, authoritative, and convincing. It is especially to be recommended to those who wonder why the Catholic Church forbids the faithful to join the Freemasons and are tempted to become members for the material benefits popularly believed to follow.

The Knights of Columbus are a secret society in the same way as every family, but their secrecy is secured by a gentleman's pledge, not by an oath under horrendous curses, as with the Freemasons. And the Knights make their pledge with due regard to the rights of legitimate civil and religious authorities.

Odds In Favor of Canonization

What are the "odds" in favor of a person living today becoming a canonized saint? Would they be one to a hundred, or a thousand, or ten thousand, or a million? From past records, the number of canonized saints seems very few in comparison with the number of Catholics.—FRANKFORT, KY.

Since I am not by inclination a bettor, I am loath to give odds on anything, especially for or against a Catholic of today being canonized. This is usually a long, judicial process. Everyone is bound to strive for perfection, which in essence is union with God in charity. Our Lord declared, "Be you perfect, as your Heavenly Father is perfect." However, there is no obligation to become officially recognized by the Church as a saint. St. Paul said, "This is the will of God, your sanctification," not your canonization. By means of canonization the Church puts one in the catalogue of saints. One who dies in the grace of God is registered in the Book of Life, a more important enrollment.

There will always be a great disproportion between Catholics who die in the grace of God and canonized saints. There are comparatively few recognized heroes engaged in material warfare, and there are comparatively few canonized saints among Christians, who must fight a more important battle against fallen human nature and the spirit of the world.

National Council of Catholic Youth

I would like to know about the National Council of Catholic Youth, its formation and work.—EAST SYRACUSE, N. Y., WHITESTONE, N. Y.

The National Council of Catholic Youth headquarters is located at 1312 Massachusetts Avenue, N. W., Washington 5, D. C. Write to this address for information.

THE SIGN'S PEOPLE OF THE MONTH



JACQUES LOWE

Dr. John J. O'Connor, Washington

■ For a quarter of a century since its founding in New York, the Catholic Interracial movement has spread across the U.S. from city to city. A meeting of interracial leaders two years ago gave birth to the National Catholic Conference for Interracial Justice. It now embraces forty councils in the North and South; a national convention will be held in St. Louis, August 25-28.

For its first national chairman, the movement chose a veteran leader in intergroup relations, Dr. John J. O'Connor, professor of history at Georgetown University (Ph.D. 1936). A past president of the Washington, D.C., council, Dr. O'Connor writes the "Washington Reporter" column for *Interracial Review*, a publication whose influence extends far beyond its small circulation. Dr. O'Connor's concern for justice is not limited to the Negro-white problem: last year he received the Edith Stein Award for outstanding contributions to better Jewish-Christian relations.

Dr. O'Connor says twenty-five years' experience has taught him "the valuable lesson that there is no magic formula for the solution of the race problem." He adds: "The residues of decades and generations of racial segregation, North and South, are too great to be completely dispersed in a few years or even in a few generations. This does not mean that we should do nothing. It only means that we should not expect Utopia at six o'clock tomorrow morning."

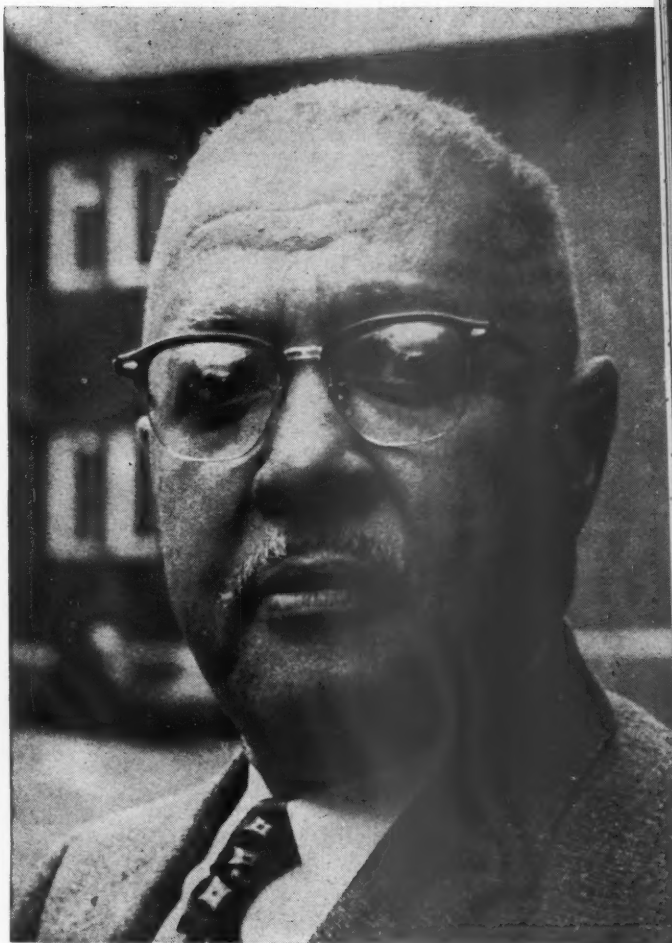
This point made, Dr. O'Connor immediately adds, "The desegregation pace is far too slow and languid." Father of seven children, he is convinced that Catholic families have not been alerted to the racial crisis because parents have "ducked their responsibility."

"To alert the entire Catholic body to

■ The president of the St. Louis Catholic Interracial Council (host to the forthcoming national convention) is Ellsworth J. Evans, fifty-six, a school principal who has extended his ideas on "intercultural education" into the factories, offices, and homes of his city. A graduate of Howard and Northwestern Universities, with degrees in chemistry and education, Evans maintains that no student will change his attitude toward Negroes, Jews, or Catholics simply because a textbook says he must accept them as friends. Education must probe deeper, concentrating attention on the character development of the whole child. Only in this way will the student become morally alert and responsive to the demands of a multiracial society.

Prejudice is not limited to any one racial or cultural group, he notes. "Until we can come together and learn to know one another, each group will continue its distrust and suspicion of the other." Parish life has helped to dispel these doubts and create interracial harmony in many integrated neighborhoods. He feels this demonstration of the Mystical Body in action is greatly responsible for the continuing increase of Negro converts in cities with mixed parishes.

A former president of the National Pan-Hellenic Council and a member for five years of the Mayor's Council on Human Relations in St. Louis, Evans is an effective illustration of a "committee of one"—something he says every Catholic ought to be in bettering human relations. He administers scholarship funds for white and Negro students, encourages integration in industries and housing projects, and conducts civic and educational round-table discussions. He plays a bit of bridge, but there's too much work now for golf.



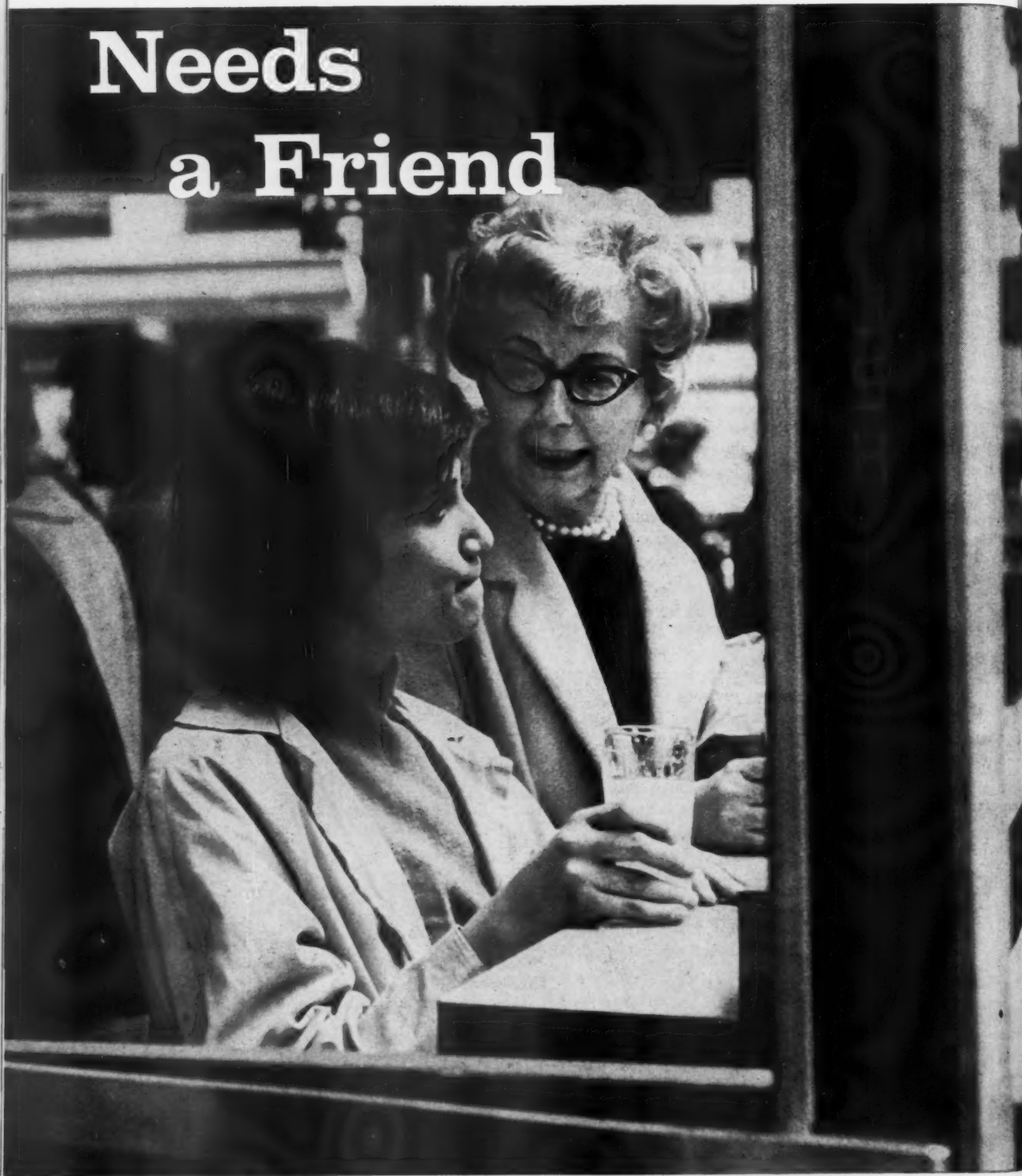
PIX

Ellsworth J. Evans, St. Louis, Mo.

body to the gravity of the racial crisis"

—AIM OF THE NATIONAL CATHOLIC CONFERENCE FOR INTERRACIAL JUSTICE

When a Girl Needs a Friend



A veteran Big Sister, Mrs. James Oliver treats her young friend to a milkshake

EVEN FROM the back, where you could not see her face, Angela bore the stamp of a delinquent. She half stood, half-slouched, in front of the judge and the impassive circle of faces seated around his desk.

Her long, black hair, pinned up in an attempted Brigitte Bardot style, was held sloppily by what must have taken a whole card of bobby pins. Her short, olive-colored neck above a green and white print blouse and blue and white, polka-dotted skirt might have been dirty or just olive-colored. Her legs were bare and shifted bulkily in the inevitable, cheap, scuffed flats.

"Have you ever been in this court before?" asked the black-robed judge, not unkindly.

"Yes sir," came a low, defiant answer.

"That's right," said the judge, leafing through a sheaf of papers handed him by a woman probation officer of Manhattan Children's Court, New York City. This is a closed court, hearing the cases of children up to sixteen, barred to the public, press, and photographers.

"Let's see." He waded through a mass of statistics. "That was six months ago. You were picked up in a doorway at 2 A.M. with three other thirteen-year-olds and brought here on a charge of loitering. Your mother admitted she had told you to 'get lost' while she entertained a friend, and I dismissed the case when both of you promised not to let it happen again. Is that correct?"

"Yes sir."

"Now, Angela, you are charged with repeated truancy, striking your teacher, and breaking the glass in the door of your classroom in a display of violence. Is that correct?"

The child clasped her hands and did not answer.

Several court attendants and a case worker from the office of the Catholic Big Sisters watched as the judge, weighted with responsibility, tried to make his decision.

Over and over, in this small, bare room, softened only by the light green walls and the American flag behind his desk, he must make a decision. On a second or third offense, the decision might be one of the homes run by Sisters of the Good Shepherd or the State Training School, where the offender would either learn a trade or fall in with companions who would sharpen her defiance and increase her bitterness toward society.

"Would you like to say anything?" asked the judge, still groping.

Suddenly the plump figure was wracked with sobs and she whispered, "I'm sorry I done it."

There was a break in the slightly strained atmosphere.

After a few moments the judge said: "All right, Angela, I'm going to give you another chance. You have been dismissed from school, as you know. You will receive some tutoring at home, and at the end of a certain time, if you do well, you may enter one of the '600' schools (New York City's special public schools for delinquents).

"Now Angela, you're a pretty girl and a bright one and I'm going to ask a Big Sister to talk to you."

Angela, heavily made up, with a sun-tan base thick enough to scrape off with a blunt knife, lamp-black around her eyes, and a weird, white lipstick on her hardly formed mouth, entered one of the two small rooms occupied by the Catholic Big Sisters, downstairs in the same court building. She showed little inclination to co-operate.

At the same moment, Hortense Baffa, director of the Big Sisters, a non-profit organization which has been in existence since 1902, was interviewing a very pretty, trim, air-line hostess who had just applied as a volunteer.

Mercedes, a striking brunette from Texas, wanted to do something useful with her time between flights, usually on week ends. She was being briefed on the duties of a Big Sister. A volunteer promises to see her girl at least twice a month for six months or more. She must make every effort to know her charge, help her spiritually, and show her, through interest and guidance, that someone really does care.

The screening process for Big Sisters is careful and many applicants are turned down. The emphasis is always on the fact that if anyone is to be hurt, it must not be the child. Already disillusioned with adults, she must not be the victim of further disappointments.

"If you make a date to take your charge shopping or to the zoo or a museum, and another, more attractive date offers itself, your date with the child comes first. Do you understand that?" asked Miss Baffa.

It might be a hard choice, but Mercedes did not hesitate.

"Yes," she said.

At that moment Angela was brought in by one of the two full-time, office,

social workers and introduced. Her studied indifference was broken only by a quick appraisal of Mercedes' uniform and her upswept hairdo with no visible means of support.

Miss Baffa made a quick decision. Might it just be that God had brought these two to her office at the same time for some purpose? She had hardly finished her initial interview with Mercedes, and usually a potential Big Sister is given time to think it over before she undertakes a case.

"Excuse me," Miss Baffa said. "Will you come with me, Mercedes, while I get some papers you must fill out?"

In the adjoining room she asked carefully, "What do you think? You seem eager, and there are many other children on our books, but I wonder, did you like Angela?"

"I did. I really did," Mercedes drawled enthusiastically. "She's so awful that she appeals to me."

"All right," said Miss Baffa. "I'm going to break a precedent and assign her to you. When would you like to start?"

"Right away."

MERCEDES decided that her first objective (as is often the case) would be to take Angela shopping.

She made a date to meet her at the corner of 34th and Fifth Avenue that afternoon. (Big Sisters are not encouraged to meet at homes, where sometimes the very color of their skin is a handicap. However, once a case is accepted, Miss Baffa insists that there be one home visit. "You can't work with children and ignore their parents.")

Window-shopping along Fifth Avenue, Mercedes learned a great deal about her new charge. Angela was unhappy at home; she was unhappy at school. Her obesity ruled out the popularity she sought desperately and drove her to the extreme make-up she had adopted to attract attention.

Realizing that decent, tasteful clothes were one of Angela's greatest needs, Mercedes, with help from various sources, was able on subsequent dates to outfit her with a good-looking, all-season coat, several new scarfs, stockings, and a pair of comfortable, well-fitted

MARGARET ECCLESINE, an authority on domestic relations, lives in Rye, N.Y. Her articles have appeared in several national publications.

shoes. Angela's posture improved immediately.

Slowly, Mercedes taught her the tricks of make-up and hair care, which are part and parcel of an air-line hostess's training.

As the weeks went by and Angela discovered that she was not going to be dropped by her new friend, her confidence increased. She became obsessed with a desire to be like her.

SOME excerpts from Mercedes' reports, which she was asked to submit monthly, show how the relationship progressed.

"She'd chopped her hair, not too becomingly. Trimmed and set hair, gave her a manicure . . . said she was interested in sewing—thought I would take her with me when shopping for material . . . seems like a perfectly normal girl to me, certainly not a delinquent. Angela and I met for Mass and breakfast since it was a holy day . . . went out to her apartment (neat and clean) and showed her how to make a skirt . . . impressed by her courtesy, invited in, received cordially." Another time, "Surprised to see her light cigarette two-thirds way through movie. Of course I smoke like a chimney, so didn't mention . . . picked up at home, while she tried on bathing suit provided by buyer-roommate . . . helped with homework . . . investigating prospects for summer job."

By the time Mercedes was transferred by her air line to a new run, she could look with satisfaction upon her one assignment as a Big Sister. Angela, tremendously improved in appearance, had re-entered school, showing a genuine interest in her studies.

More important, she had gone to confession with Mercedes and was attending Mass regularly. (At the beginning of the relationship, Angela, a baptized Catholic, did not even know what parish she was in and admitted she knew very little about her religion.)

Neither Mercedes nor the Big Sister organization anticipate a happily-ever-after conclusion. Angela is only fifteen, with many obstacles in the way of attaining her goal of a position as air-line hostess for herself. Yet, the timely influence and interest of a Big Sister, when she was headed violently in the wrong direction, make that once incredible goal possible.

Angela still visits the Big Sister office. On her last visit, appearing relaxed and happy, she brought her report card to show her marks. Mercedes still reports, "When I left I said I'd probably be a bit lonesome and hoped to receive mail. She quickly said she would write. Am

enclosing second letter . . . feel it most significant that she has written."

Let's meet Kathy, who is in the "preventive" category. Kathy, twelve, has never been in court. But her older sister has, and her older brother. They are both away. Kathy is the oldest of five remaining children. Her father is dead. Her mother, on welfare, is asthmatic and has a heart condition. She goes regularly to a clinic in one of the city's hospitals and claims she needs Kathy at home to care for the younger children. Her school principal brought Kathy to the attention of the Catholic Big Sisters. (If she were Protestant or Jewish, she would have been referred to their Big Sister organizations, which also work with the court.)

Kathy, frail in appearance, old beyond her years, and withdrawn, was matched with Rosemary, who had written on her Big Sister application, "Young girls seem to like me. I don't care what nationality, race, or anything else I get."

Here is Rosemary reporting: "On my second outing with Kathy, she was much more animated and responsive. It was a real reward to have her talk. Very interested in boat ride to the Statue of Liberty, figuring out maps on the platform, guide spiel, etc. I noticed two things, shyness and a desperate need for eyeglasses . . ."

"Today, Coney Island. She wanted sailor doll and I bought it; very touched by way she seemed to enjoy ride on carousel together . . ."

Last fall, Rosemary felt herself a failure when Kathy's mother complained of rebelliousness and staying out late. Kathy's explanation is that she is at a girl friend's house listening to records and talking. She says it is im-

possible to have guests at home because they live in one room and her little brothers stare at them.

Rosemary continues her fight with one individual against age-old problems. Her latest report: "Visited new Guggenheim Art Gallery. Kathy sees well with her glasses, says her ambition is to work in office. Tried to get her interested in applying to Catholic high school."

Today, there are thirty-five Big Sisters working on cases. What makes a good Big Sister?

"You can't tell by looking at them," says Mrs. Louis C. Hagerty, Big Sisters' president. "I remember one unlikely applicant who seemed all wrong for the job. We kept her name on file three months after screening, hesitating to give her an assignment. Yet, she has turned out to be one of our most loyal and hard-working Big Sisters. She has done wonders for her two charges in institutions and visits them every week."

Another volunteer, who looked every inch the part, called for her child in a white, convertible Cadillac, took her to lunch at the Stork Club, then to the top of the Empire State building, and wound up the afternoon at the Rainbow Room. The little girl was very unhappy, saying "I didn't like being with all those rich people."

SINCE MANY charges will never be people of means, Big Sisters are encouraged to introduce them to the free recreational facilities of the city. "They mustn't like you for the money you spend," is the advice given. "Use the same imagination you would with a visiting niece."

Volunteer Big Sisters must be over twenty-one, Catholic, with at least a high school education. Applications are received by Mrs. Ambrose Connor, secretary, 235 W. 23rd Street, New York, N.Y.

The Big Sisters do not duplicate the work of any other agency.

"We are small, and we must remain that way. Any person thrown on the resources of the city's welfare agencies becomes a case with a number. To us, they must remain flesh and blood people," Miss Baffa says.

"We have a definite knowledge of our limitations," says Mrs. James U. Oliver, treasurer. "We don't take any drug addicts or people needing professional help. We must avoid the implications of being lady bountifuls. We don't hand out money—that would be taking over prerogatives of the Welfare Department. Just say no child of ours is going to make her First Communion without a pretty dress."

SIBYL

*Usual as time and silent, broods
the black cumaeen telephone
a thing of arbitrary moods
but always ready to atone*

*for every shock with a surprise:
with news like April, good and
strange;
it sits and broods and prophecies—
its prophecy is always change.*

*Joy rings in on a casual bell.
Disaster has no special knell.
In this black shape I know so well
Cassandra hides. And Gabriel.*

VIRGINIA EARLE

Jules Verne wrote over a hundred years ago, yet he described such modern inventions as radio, television, airplanes, and guided missiles

BY FRANK L. REMINGTON



HE FORESAW THE FUTURE

A RED-HAIRED YOUNG MAN with a handful of manuscript sheets trudged despondently across the room to the fireplace. "Whatever I try turns out badly," he complained, tossing the papers into the flames.

"Jules! Look what you've done!" His wife, Honorine, scrambled to the hearth and fished out the slightly scorched manuscript.

"Why save it?" her husband asked, heaving a sigh of despair. "Fifteen publishers have rejected it."

"Then try the sixteenth—and the seventeenth," Honorine prompted him. "It's a fine story, Jules. Someone will publish it, I'm sure."

Honorine's faith was well founded. Publisher Pierre Hetzel not only accepted it but contracted with the author to write two books annually for twenty years. The manuscript which the discouraged author almost destroyed was *Five Weeks in a Balloon*. It launched Jules Verne on a fabulous writing career. In the next forty years, he turned out more than one hundred highly successful science-fiction novels that have been translated into almost every civilized language.

His novels have been amazing scientists for almost a century. In them, Jules Verne peered far into the future and prophesied many scientific wonders that have become realities only recently. Indeed, his predictions have such a contemporary ring that it is difficult to believe that Verne was born in 1828 and lived when there was no radio, no television, no airplanes, no guided missiles. Yet he envisioned them all, describing them with surprising accuracy.

Jules' father wanted him to study law. But since his boyhood, when he played on the wharves of his native French

seaport town, he had dreamed of exotic places. He attempted to run away at eleven, but was caught. He traveled little thereafter, but his imaginative travels were limitless.

His books tell of adventures on jungle islands, in arctic icelands, and even at the earth's center. His characters are fired to the moon inside a colossal bullet; they become hitchhikers on a runaway comet; and they advance in time to the year 2890.

Jules gave up the study of law after a good "college try." "I can be a good writer," he said, "but never anything but a bad barrister." He began writing librettos for operas and playwriting, but scarcely earned a pittance. One day he talked to balloonist Felix Nadar. Nadar sparked his imagination, and Verne scribbled voluminous copy for his *Five Weeks in a Balloon*. With this book's success, his fame was assured.

Verne worked in his home in Amiens, France. Because he loved the sea, he fitted his study like a ship's cabin. A Catholic, Verne's life with his wife and three children remained simple and unaffected despite his great success. His associates and friends loved and respected him.

Jules Verne is credited with inspiring many inventions that appeared subsequent to his descriptions of them. He once declared, "What one man can imagine, another man can do." The balloonist Piccard and Marconi of radio fame both credited him with inspiring them. And his guesswork about the North Pole was astonishingly accurate, according to Peary, its discoverer.

The great telescope at Mt. Palomar, California, is making news today as scientists train it on remote depths of the universe. It required bold thinking

to build this complicated mechanism. Seventy-five years before its construction, Jules Verne astonished his readers with a description of a giant "sky-scanner." It had a sixteen-foot reflector, just a trifle smaller than Palomar's. In some details, descriptions of the two telescopes are almost identical.

The author based his novels on known scientific facts and painstaking research. For his novel *From the Earth To the Moon*, Verne studied some 500 reference volumes and scientific treatises. His personal library contained thousands of books, and his research files bulged with notes on 25,000 subjects.

In his works, Verne predicted atomic power, but never thought of atomic bombs. He feared that "if men go on inventing machines, they will end by being swallowed by their own machines." One of his novels foresees an end to war and prognosticates a world government with a capital, Centropolis.

Since his death in 1905, some of Jules Verne's books have become minor classics and are still widely read. His outstanding works include *The Mysterious Island*, *A Journey to the Center of the Earth*, *Under the Sea*, and *The Adventures of Captain Hatteras*.

Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea is generally regarded as his masterpiece, and this book inspired Simon Lake in his subsequent development of the modern submarine. And his Captain Nemo, a strange misanthrope who piloted the "Nautilus," ranks as his greatest character.

The United States Navy paid homage to Jules Verne when it launched the world's first atomic-powered submarine and christened it "Nautilus" in honor of Captain Nemo's underwater vessel. This event was, perhaps, the fulfillment of one of Jules Verne's fondest dreams.

STAGE AND SCREEN

BY JERRY COTTER

Movie Reviews in Brief

BELLS ARE RINGING is a literal adaptation of the stage hit, with Judy Holliday repeating her role of the telephone girl who falls in love with a voice. As in the footlight version, the musical score is the outstanding feature of the production, highlighted by "Just in Time" and "Long Before I Knew You." Although the tempo is more suited to stage presentation, the picture does retain the warmth and good humor of the original. In addition to Miss Holliday's spirited portrayal, Dean Martin, Eddie Foy, Fred Clark, and Jean Stapleton keep the bells ringing merrily in this cheerful comedy with music. (M-G-M)

Britain's moviemakers have been active of late, and in **NEXT TO NO TIME** they have a sprightly and witty comedy. A Paul Gallico story is the peg on which the story develops. The setting is the majestic "Queen Elizabeth" steaming westward across the Atlantic, and the time is that magic hour on the voyage when the clocks are stopped at midnight. A frothy charade, it is well acted by Betsy Drake, Kenneth More, Roland Culver, and Bessie Love, although the real star is the magnificent ocean liner on which this was filmed. (SCA)

PAY OR DIE is a tense drama based on the true story of an Italian-born New York detective who sacrificed his life in an effort to combat the Mafia terrorists. Set at the turn of the century, with Ernest Borgnine giving a fine performance as Detective Lt. Joseph Petrosino, the plot details his efforts to defeat the Mafia then operating among the immigrants in large cities. Petrosino pursued his investigation in Sicily, where he was murdered by the Mafia. This is a first-class combination of documentary and police thriller, much of it still timely. (Allied Artists)

THE DAY THEY ROBBED THE BANK OF ENGLAND is an interesting drama, though hardly the exciting venture its cumbersome title might suggest. Based on a legend that has grown in the years since 1901, the script has Aldo Ray leading a band of Irish patriots in a daring raid on the cache of Britain's bullion. Their purpose is to obtain funds to continue their struggle against England's domination. It is an intriguing idea, but never quite triggers the suspense necessary to hold audience interest. Further, there is a painful lack of humor and ingenuity in the writing, which leaves the cast in a bit of a quandary. (M-G-M)

The barons of industry and the featherbedders of labor are targets in **I'M ALL RIGHT, JACK**, a British comedy with serious undertones. The hero is a young missile factory worker whose ambition to succeed in industry earns him the enmity of his fellow workers. He is unwittingly sabotaging their slowdown pattern and in the bargain loses out with management as well. Satiric, acidic in its approach, and wildly hilarious on occasion, this aims its darts in all directions. It calls management corrupt and labor stupid, with the disillusioned hero heading for a nudist camp to find peace and, perhaps, pneumonia. An amusing, tongue-in-cheek comedy for adults, this has Peter Sellers in the role of a socialistic shop steward. (Columbia)

New cinematic techniques and familiar propaganda tricks are employed in **HIROSHIMA, MON AMOUR**, a French offering in the so-called "new wave" school. Filmed in Japan in the atom-ravished city, it uses the romance between a French movie actress and a Japanese architect on which the horrors of atomic war are symbolically and realistically displayed. Between scenes of intimate moments in their illicit affair, the director inserts shots of the human wreckage of Hiroshima, a symbolic Red peace parade, and the obvious implication that the United States was the guilty party, while Japan was an innocent victim in World War II. Politically, this is suspect; morally, it is indefensible; and as a movie experiment, it is overladen with surrealistic symbolism. (Zenith International)

Although the dubbing is a mess, the Russian-made production of **OTHELLO** is strikingly mounted and acted with impressive skill. Presented as part of the U.S.-U.S.S.R. cultural exchange program, this is the finest example of cinematic art yet displayed on the interchange. Authentic-looking backgrounds contribute greatly to the effect, and the interpretations of the Russian cast are vivid and skillful. In the dubbing of the voices the production makes its major blunder, leaving the viewer with a sense of frustration and a desire to twist some dials. (Universal-International)

MY DOG, BUDDY is a sentimental boy-dog story which may please the youngsters, although its lack of conflict or action proves a detriment. Filmed in and around Dallas, the story deals with an orphaned boy's search for a lost dog and the animal's efforts to locate his young master. The plot is simple, the length short, and the technical contributions on a semi-professional level, except for the German Shepherd cast in the title role. He is alert and appealing throughout. (Columbia)

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In the movie version of "Bells Are Ringing," Judy Holliday (shown with Dean Martin) repeats her wonderful portrayal of a telephone operator who falls in love with a voice

Bottom, left: Aldo Ray and Kieron Moore get their hands on some gold bars after breaking into a vault in a scene from "The Day They Robbed the Bank of England"

The Towndock Theater in Port Washington, N.Y., deserves commendation for the consistently high quality of its presentations. Below: Rehearsal scene for "Peg o' My Heart," which opened the theater's 1959 season



The New Plays

The sixth season of the American Shakespeare Festival at Stratford, Connecticut, brings *Twelfth Night*, *The Tempest*, and *Antony and Cleopatra* to the summer audience. The new season brings Katharine Hepburn, who plays Viola in *Twelfth Night* and Cleopatra, back to the repertory group and also marks the first appearance of Robert Ryan, who will be Antony, when that production joins the repertory schedule on July 22. Judging by the five seasons of the American Stratford already on the record, this year's presentations give every evidence of being equally impressive and rewarding for students of the drama and those seeking summer entertainment of a higher level.

Novelty is again the big attraction at the Jones Beach (L.I.) Marine Theater, where producer Guy Lombardo has revived Vincent Youman's nautical musical, *Hit the Deck*. While the plot is a bit threadbare, it does provide a fresh background for the spectacular style that has become a Jones Beach trademark. Everything is big and loud and colorful and usually different. This year the lagoon serves to showcase a variety of speedboats and pleasure craft, cruisers and whale boats, plus a full-scale battleship. This is the show's big attraction. Jane Kean, Gene Nelson, Betty Ann Grove, and the Lombardo Orchestra carry on the vocal and musical portions with zest. Eye-filling fare for the entire family.

CAMINO REAL, an earlier Tennessee Williams exercise in despair, has been revived for off-Broadway audiences. Seven years after its original presentation, the play's impact remains much the same, being essentially barren of spiritual impact and pessimistic in its view of life and the humanity which Williams sees as crushed, without hope, by greed and indifference and brutality. As the theater's prime disciple of despair, Williams manages to nullify the beauty of his own prose by the dismal undertones of his morbid attitudes.

Anton Chekov wrote **A COUNTRY SCANDAL** when he was just twenty-one, but it discloses more than a bit of the insight and talent which was to ripen in later years. Blending humor and personal tragedy is a difficult assignment even for a talent in full bloom. Chekov manages it here as he tells of a young schoolmaster in a Russian town of the 1880's. On the one hand, he is disillusioned with life and unhappy with his own failures and lack of discipline. On the other, he is the willing partner of several amorous ladies who pursue him. The author sketches character and situation in sharp, amusing, and occasionally ridiculous terms, and he portrays quite pungently the decadence of the society that was fast approaching its day of reckoning.

More than two hundred and fifty years ago, the Kabuki drama originated in Japan. A combination of song, dance, and plot, it has been tremendously popular with Japanese audiences and is now being seen on Broadway for the first time. Colorful, picturesque, and exotic, it is an art form that draws heavily on fables and legend, presented in the exaggerated style of centuries gone by. Though the language difference does present a barrier for American audiences, the flamboyance of the costumes, the melodrama, the frank sentimentality, and the unusual musical interpolations are universally appealing.

Summer Playguide

These classifications are based on reviews which have appeared in *THE SIGN* and are reprinted for the convenience of summer playgoers. They represent evaluations of the

original Broadway productions. In some instances, summer theater operators make revisions, often eliminating objectionable costuming and dances. Current Broadway offerings are in capital letters.

FOR THE FAMILY: *Angel in the Pawnshop*; *Christine*; *Cradle Song*; *Greenwillow*; *The Happiest Millionaire*; *Henry IV*; *Hit the Deck*; *Holiday for Lovers*; *Jenny Kissed Me*; *Late Arrival*; *Leave It to Jane*; *Little Mary Sunshine*; *Madame Lafayette*; **A MAJORITY OF ONE**; *Meet Me in St. Louis*; *Mrs. McThing*; **THE MIRACLE WORKER**; **THE MUSIC MAN**; *Our Town*; *Peter Pan*; *Ramshackle Inn*; *Seventeen*; **THE SOUND OF MUSIC**; *Stratford Shakespeare Festival*; *Sunrise at Campobello*; *Ten Little Indians*; *Tom Sawyer*.

FOR ADULTS: **THE ANDERSONVILLE TRIAL**; *Anastasia*; *Apple of His Eye*; *Arsenic and Old Lace*; *The Bat*; *Bells are Ringing*; **THE BEST MAN**; *The Boy Friend*; **BYE, BYE BIRDIE**; *The Caine Mutiny Court Martial*; *The Chalk Garden*; *Charley's Aunt*; *Claudia*; *A Country Scandal*; *Dear Liar*; *The Desert Song*; *Desk Set*; *The Desperate Hours*; **DESTROY RIDES AGAIN**; *Dial M for Murder*; *The Disenchanted*; **FIORIELLO**; **FIVE FINGER EXERCISE**; *Flower Drum Song*; *The Gazebo*; *The Girls in 509*; *The Glass Menagerie*; *The Golden Fleece*; *Harvey*; *The Hidden River*; *An Inspector Calls*; *JB*; *The King and I*; *The King of Hearts*; *Late Love*; *The Loud Red Patrick*; *Madame Butterfly*; *The Magnificent Yankee*; *Mark Twain Tonight*; *Mary Stuart*; *A Most Happy Fella*; **MY FAIR LADY**; *My Three Angels*; *No Time for Sergeants*; *Oklahoma*; **ONCE UPON A MATTRESS**; *The Pleasure of His Company*; *The Ponder Heart*; **A RAISIN IN THE SUN**; *The Reclining Figure*; *Redhead*; *The Red Mill*; *Romanoff and Juliet*; *Rosalie*; *Sabrina Fair*; *Saratoga*; *Say Darling*; *The Student Prince*; **TAKE ME ALONG**; *The Teahouse of the August Moon*; **THE TENTH MAN**; *Third Best Sport*; **A THURBER CARNIVAL**; *Time Limit*; *Time of Your Life*; *Time Remembered*; *Witness for the Prosecution*.

PARTLY OBJECTIONABLE: *Annie Get Your Gun*; *Anniversary Waltz*; *Anything Goes*; *Bell, Book, and Candle*; *Born Yesterday*; *Brigadoon*; *Damn Yankees*; *Death of a Salesman*; *Dark at the Top of the Stairs*; *Detective Story*; *Dream Girl*; *Fallen Angels*; **FINIAN'S RAINBOW**; *The Fourposter*; *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*; *Gigi*; *Girl Crazy*; *Guys and Dolls*; *The Happy Time*; *Inherit the Wind*; *Kind Sir*; *Kismet*; *Kiss Me Kate*; **LA PLUME DE MA TANTE**; *Light Up the Sky*; *Look Homeward, Angel*; *The Madwoman of Chailot*; *The Millionairess*; *Once More, with Feeling*; *One Touch of Venus*; *The Pajama Game*; *Philadelphia Story*; *Plain and Fancy*; *Present Laughter*; *The Rainmaker*; *Remains to be Seen*; *The Shrike*; *Silk Stockings*; *The Silver Whistle*; *Tender Trap*; *Triple Play*; *The Warm Peninsula*; *The Young and Beautiful*.

COMPLETELY OBJECTIONABLE: *Auntie Mame*; *Bus Stop*; *Camino Real*; *Can-Can*; *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*; *Cheri*; *Compulsion*; *The Entertainer*; *Family Portrait*; *Fanny*; *For Love or Money*; *Garden District*; *Goodbye Charlie*; **GYPSY**; *A Hatful of Rain*; *Janus*; *La Ronde*; *Look Back in Anger*; *A Loss of Roses*; *The Marriage-Go-Round*; *Make a Million*; *Middle of the Night*; *Orpheus Descending*; *Picnic*; *Private Lives*; *The Rose Tattoo*; *A Second String*; *Silent Night*; *Lonely Night*; *Summer and Smoke*; *Summer of the 17th Doll*; *A Streetcar Named Desire*; *Strange Bedfellows*; *Sweet Bird of Youth*; *Time of the Cuckoo*; *Threepenny Opera*; *Tunnel of Love*; *Two for the Seesaw*; *A View from the Bridge*; *The World of Suzie Wong*.

BOOK REVIEWS

THE THIRD MYSTIC OF AVILA

By Frances P. Keyes. 300 pages.
Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. \$4.75

Almost unknown in our time, Maria Vela has always been in the shadow of her fellow Avilese mystics, Teresa and John of the Cross. A sixteenth-century Cistercian nun, she recorded, at the behest of her confessor, diaries of her mystical experiences, as well as a compilation of the "Mercies" granted to her. In *The Third Mystic of Avila*, these works are made available to the public for the first time.

Frances Parkinson Keyes, editor-translator of the present volume, came upon the original documents in the archives of the convent of Santa Ana while engaged in research on another book. Realizing their value as an addition to the literature of the mystics, she persuaded the nuns there to permit their translation and publication.

Venerable Maria Vela entered Santa Ana at fifteen. The victim of uncertain health, she was looked upon with suspicion both by members of her own Community and by the Inquisition. As a record of the difficulties encountered by a soul in its progress toward union with God, Maria Vela's diaries are of some considerable interest. It is, however, doubtful if this interest extends too much beyond those particularly specializing in literature of this nature. While *The Third Mystic of Avila* is perhaps not of the stature or importance of the writings of the better-known mystics of Avila, it should nonetheless prove a substantially worthwhile reading experience for those who, like Mrs. Keyes, are attracted to one whose "experiences were not unlike those of the great St. Catherine."

CATHARINE HUGHES.



Mrs. Keyes

THE SCIENCE OF THE CROSS

By Edith Stein. 243 pages.
Regnery. \$4.75

To a contemplative, this profound study of the spiritual doctrines of St. John of the Cross is absorbing reading. For the average religious or layman, her analysis with its implications is slightly confusing. It will be spiritually thrilling

to the former, but it will be difficult understanding for the latter.

Edith Stein (1891-1942) is remembered as a brilliant philosopher, a convert from Judaism, and the Carmelite nun martyred in the gas chamber at Auschwitz by Hitler. Her mystical and philosophical brilliancy is apparent in her weaving together the saint's poems and explanations with her orthodox interpretation of the mystical life.

The arrangement of this book by Sister Teresa Benedicta of the Cross, her name in religion, will attract even a browser. The translator's preface, the editor's explanation of the work, the foreword by the mystic, the logical

plan of the contents, and its full index all invite reading this treatise.

Of its three sections, the first briefly recounts the saint's early attraction to the Cross. Her use of "perhaps" and "probably" prevents any criticism of her history of his life. "The Doctrine of the Cross," the second and largest portion of her work, masterly combines the saint's spiritual canticles, his explanations of them, and her own orthodox mysticism.

The final part, "The Imitation of the Cross," called a "Fragment," exemplifies some of the saint's characteristics, such as his love of the Cross, his charity, and his love of people. This familiar and attractive section convincingly proves St. John of the Cross's theory "... by choosing and walking in the way of the imitation of Christ, He will lead us 'through His Passion and Cross to the Resurrection.'"

FERDINAND J. WARD, C. M.

SIGN SURVEY

OF BEST-SELLING BOOKS

Reported for the August issue by leading Catholic book stores across the nation

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2. **THE NIGHT THEY BURNED THE MOUNTAIN.** By Dr. Thomas Dooley. \$3.95. Farrar, Straus & Cudahy
3. **SPIRITUAL HIGHLIGHTS FOR SISTERS.** By Rev. Bruno Hagspiel, S.V.D. \$3.50. Sheed & Ward
4. **THE CATHOLIC MARRIAGE MANUAL.** By Msgr. George A. Kelly. \$4.95. Random House
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many little side trips on the road of his-
tory. Miss Curtayne, with wit and
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known boreens, pointing out fresh views
that her eager scholarship has made her
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is "the walk of a queen." It sounds im-
probable to say of any history that once
begun it cannot be put down. Yet Miss
Curtayne's own loving zest about her
country's story and its historic culture
is so great and her writing style so
felicitous that it is truly difficult to put
her book aside. Miss Curtayne dedi-
cates her book to her lecture students at
Anna Maria and Cardinal Cushing Col-
leges in Massachusetts. The deeper
dedication would be in the Gaelic
phrase anglicized as "for the glory of
God and the honour of Ireland."

DORAN HURLEY.

THE LOVELY AMBITION

By Mary Ellen Chase. 288 pages.
Norton. \$3.95

The Lovely Ambition, Mary Ellen
Chase's family chron-
icle staged on the
English and American
scene of the early
1900's, is a work of
charm and disciplined
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tion that is lovely is
simply a desire on the part of Rev.
John Tillyard, a Wesleyan minister, and
his family to retrieve the insane by
means of acceptance and love. Toward
this goal they received one patient each
summer at their American home in
Pepperell, Maine. First attempts end
in depressing failure, but with Mrs.
Gowan, their third guest, they are more
successful.

Mrs. Gowan's make-believe life con-
sists in playing Betsy Ross and making
flags. The Tillyards' attention and un-
derstanding bring Mrs. Gowan back
to reality.

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Chase's new novel, yet much more but-
tresses this simplicity. Giving structure
to the graceful narrative is an unob-
trusive yet revealing contrast between
the England and America of the early
1900's, the problems of the Noncon-
formist sects here and abroad, and,
quite predominantly, the vitality and
spirit of that America which the Rev.
Tillyard cherished so passionately.

Mary Ellen Chase's prose is very
near to poetry in *The Lovely Ambition*.
Her descriptions are delightfully real;
her approach one of intense compas-
sion highlighted by occasional humor
which juts out with surprising gaiety.

The Lovely Ambition is a truly ab-
sorbing re-creation of an era.

BARBARA LAROSA.



Miss Chase

HARVEST, 1960

Ed. by Dan Herr & Paul Cuneo.
Newman. 298 pages. \$3.50

The editors of this anthology of thirty
of the best articles from the Catholic
press in 1959 state, "We believe these
articles are evidence of the variety and
the excellence of the Catholic Press."
They are. And for that very reason, this
book gives cause for much pride and
some concern.

The variety and excellence are un-
questionable. In the first article,
Christopher Dawson, in writing on
"Catholic Culture in America" and pro-
viding a context for the remainder of
the articles, states that "the prospects
for Catholic culture in the United
States are more hopeful than at any
time in the past." He is amply borne
out in the remaining articles.

Along with such perennially excellent
writers as Dorothy Day, Thomas Mer-
ton, John Cogley, and Hilda Graef,
several less eminent authors contribute
valuable essays. Joel Wells describes
his "Struggle with Race Prejudice";
George Ellis gives a moving report of
his conversion and reveals "How (he)
Escaped from Alcatraz"; Albert Miller
bares his tribulations as a "Negro in
the North"; Norman St. John-Steuas
gives a balanced account of how "An
Englishman looks at the Catholic
Church in America."

But not everything in *Harvest, 1960*
is as good, and it is the less good which
causes concern. Several prominent
Catholic figures contribute pedestrian
essays, and the few humorous articles
tend to be thin. Furthermore, the edi-
tors include no fiction because they
found no outstanding, and only a few
good, short stories.

Nevertheless, the virtues of this
volume and of the Catholic press far
outweigh the few shortcomings. This
book both pleases and instructs.

ROBERT F. McDONNELL.

MODERN CATHOLIC THINKERS

Ed. by A. Robert Caponigri.
Harper. 636 pages. \$15.00

Reading this anthology convinces a
person of several things. First, Cath-
olics are seriously rethinking their po-
sition in the contemporary world. Sec-
ondly, the most vital Catholic thought
is that which is closest to the problems
of the present and which seeks to bring
forth new and modern rather than
medieval solutions for these problems.
Thirdly, French writers are keeping
their position at the forefront of Cath-
olic thought throughout the world. Of
thirty-seven contributors to this volume,
half are French. The others are divided
among German, American, English, and

Italian writers, in that general order, with one Polish and one Norwegian writer.

The essays selected are presented to us in seven sections: God, Man, The Church, The Political Order, History, Religion and Culture, Witness. It is a delight to find the essays of Louis Lavelle and Rene LeSenne in the section on God. These writers have not received in this country the attention they deserve.

In the sections on The Political Order, History, and Religion and Culture, we miss the sense of the international and intercultural developments that are so important in our times. In the section on History, there is no adequate presentation of Catholic thought on the historical development of man. There are no sections on the significance of Modern Science or on Aesthetics.

Yet there are many brilliant essays here that should be of special interest to all thinking people of our society. There is a fine, positive tone about the volume as a whole. Young scholars, both Catholic and non-Catholic, who wish to know what Catholic thinkers have to say in our times will find it here. We suggest particularly "The Ideal of Christian Humanism," by Yves de Montcheuil, "The Divinization of Activities," by Teilhard de Chardin, "The Freedom of Man in the Freedom of the Church," by John Courtney Murray, "Symbolism and History," by Jean Danielou, and "The Christian View of History" by Christopher Dawson.

THOMAS BERRY, C.P.



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► While a group of missionaries dined in a Chinese restaurant, one of the musicians struck up a vaguely familiar melody, but none of the group could remember its name. Calling a waiter to the table, they asked him to find out what the man was playing.

The waiter padded across the dining room and then returned to announce triumphantly:

"Violin!"

—SALESIAN BULLETIN

INSIDE THE VATICAN

By Corrado Pallenberg. 273 pages.
Hawthorn. \$4.95

Even the title of this book imitates those of John Gunther's best selling "Insides." Between the covers, there are further similarities of style that almost betray a mimicry. Like Gunther, Pallenberg (a non-Catholic Roman) is a reporter and consequently writes a highly readable, data-filled book. But also like Gunther, Pallenberg occasionally lets his pen move too swiftly for accuracy, so that some of his fascinating facts lose luster in the dull shade of suspicion.

There are some errors traceable to faulty translation, possibly one made by a non-Catholic. An intelligent American Catholic would scarcely refer to the Redemptorists as "Redeemers," to cloistered nuns as "walled-in" nuns, or to an archbishop's pallium as a 'pall.' Other mistakes are harder to excuse. Despite Pallenberg's assertion, Pope John has not proclaimed Mother Seton a saint, yet. Nor did Pius XII completely surprise the world by his definition of the Assumption. American magazines, secular and religious alike, had published articles on the likelihood of such a step, and the bishops of the world had been asked for their opinions on the matter.

Still, it is an enjoyable book. Possibly it is just good enough to deserve some readers interested in an outsider's view of the Church's government. They will have to read it soon, however, because the chief defect of this book by a journalist is the same as its chief virtue: contemporaneity. It is up-to-date as of the moment the last sentence is written, but it will be quickly outdated by the rapid sweep of human events, even those that occur in the languid atmosphere of Rome.

JAMES FISHER, C.S.P.

THE NIGHT THEY BURNED THE MOUNTAIN

By Thomas A. Dooley, M.D.
Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. 192 pages
\$3.95

In this, the third saga written by Dr. Dooley—following *Deliver Us From Evil* and *The Edge of Tomorrow*—a deeper note is sounded. The indomitable courage and enthusiasm of the devoted doctor are still present, but a newer dimension is evident throughout the pages. Perhaps it is the Communistic shadow that threatens to envelop the small village in the northern region of troubled Laos where Dr. Dooley has established a hospital, or perhaps it is the personal shadow hovering over the doctor himself in the form of a deadly cancer growing in his chest.

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The devotees of Dr. Dooley—and who isn't?—will not be disappointed by his latest book. Here again are compassion and humor, the heart-rending misery of underprivileged people, the colorful native costumes (the tribe whose members painted their teeth black), and mostly the people, many unforgettable, victims of a world they never made but a world which Dr. Dooley has been trying to remake for them with kindness, medicine, and understanding.

Again, Dr. Dooley writes plainly and directly and manages, through the Dooley charm and honesty, to engage the full attention of the reader, who, at the final page, realizes why many call this physician "The Splendid American."

There are also 32 pages of vivid photographs.

ROBERT CORMIER.

THE CIRCUS KINGS

By Henry Ringling North and

Alden Hatch.

383 pages.

Doubleday.

\$4.95

The Classic and Comic Concert Co. was the first show the Ringling Brothers took on the road. There followed eighty-eight years of performances, with more to come.

Henry Ringling North, collaborating with Alden Hatch, does very well outlining those frenzied years.

He spends ample time on those details of circus life which fascinate youngsters of all ages, especially beloved old elephants, tricky cats, and colorful performers.

However, the story is focused on Ringling brothers Otto, Albert, August, Alfred, Charles, Henry, and, most particularly, the dynamic John. They worked together with amazing effectiveness during the lean years. Each, in his way, was indispensable. But it was John Ringling who had the genius and breathtaking audacity to create The Greatest Show on Earth.

The obstacles they faced were terrific, but somehow they triumphed over all of them. When John Ringling died in 1936, he had made an enormous amount of money and realized his dream of building "The Greatest Show."

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WHITE PLAINS NEW YORK

the author. John Ringling North inherited his uncle's name and the huge task of running the circus. Faced with bickering, jealousy, financial loss, and the stupendous blow of the tragic Hartford fire, his job became monumental. Labor costs had risen, the new audience was much more sophisticated, but he firmly believed that the circus still had a place in American life. The way in which he tailored the circus to appeal to the present day is a story in itself.

All in all, it's a good yarn and a revealing commentary on a part of the American scene now largely past.

ROSEMARY NOLAN.

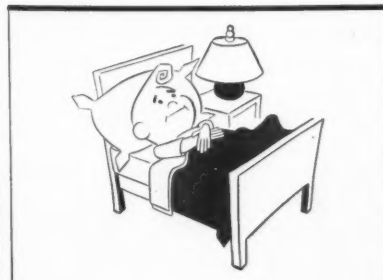
SET THIS HOUSE ON FIRE

By William Styron. 507 pages.
Random House. \$5.95

Is the only road to salvation through degradation? One would think so from a growing tendency of modern novelists to use purgatory-on-earth as habitat for their principal characters.

In this, his third novel (the title taken from an obscure passage of John Donne), William Styron follows the pattern, placing his two protagonists atop a seaside hill in southern Italy that is as bleak and foul spiritually and morally as it is lovely physically.

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"Yes, I know," replied the youngster. "But He's a listener. I want a talker."

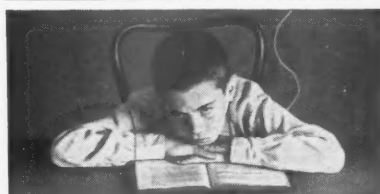
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The rape of a young, Italian, peasant girl serves as focal point of the story. Under the circumstances, carnality is a major element in the telling and inevitably—in this "enlightened" age—Styron doesn't shrink from the challenge. A tolerant view would be that he suffers from an excess of candor in his language.

Yet, he is not a pornographer. His attitude toward sex may remain ambiguous to the end, but his descent into the world of the depraved and the near-psychotic is conscientious and serious. He recognizes the problem of evil, moral as well as physical, and he grapples with it directly, if to little purpose.

Dimly through the pervading miasma in *Set This House on Fire*, the hand of God is seen, but it seems to be the back of His hand raised menacingly—not the hand of Love beckoning as it warns: "Naught shelters thee that wilt not shelter Me."

JOHN J. SMEE.

PREVIEWS AND PRACTICAL CASES ON MARRIAGE

By Owen M. Cloran, S.J. 403 pages.
Bruce. \$8.50

The Church's legislation on the Sacrament of Marriage is contained in 132 Canons in her Code of Canon Law. These Canons are stated in clear, concise language. However, a working knowledge of these laws requires a study of the principles in application to practical cases.

Father Cloran's book, the first in a series of three dealing with the Canons on Marriage and Marriage Processes, combines theory and practice in a manner that will greatly aid those who must not only know but also apply the law. The fruit of many years of teaching Jesuit scholastics and Chicago seminarians, this book will be welcomed by all who are studying or have studied the Church's laws on marriage.

In this first volume, Father Cloran treats of preliminary requirements and impediments to marriage. By means of thirty-two cases presented to the author in consultation or in tribunal work, the book presents in a very practical way the law and its application to concrete cases. The facts are set forth clearly and succinctly. There follows a discussion of the principles of solution and a brief conclusion to the problem which the case presents. The discussion of the principles involved in each case is well-documented and up-to-date. Nearly every page of such discussion

includes ample references to older and current canonical writers.

The book contains a well-chosen bibliography to assist those who wish to refer to Father Cloran's sources and authorities. An excellent index facilitates the use of the book by anyone wishing to refer quickly to some particular point.

FINTAN LOMBARD, C.P.

THE EDGE OF DAY

By Laurie Lee. 276 pages.
Morrow. \$4.00

Laurie Lee's home life in the West of England was physically chaotic but had a warmth and peace that even his child's eyes could discern. Eight children crowded into a decayed Cotswold manor house now divided into three cottages. Mrs. Lee, a courageous but flighty woman, had cheerfully taken her husband's five by his first wife to bring up along with her own three.

In the remaining cottages two granies silently feuded, one above the other. Though they never spoke except to thump on floors and ceilings, when one died, the other, having no one left to fight, soon followed. As the children grew older, the village, the Squire, the vicar, the schoolteacher, and their own swashbuckling uncles left their lasting impressions. With adolescence came the inevitable curiosity about girls, the courting of the older sisters, and the small-scale gang activity that would

have been policed in a large city. Instead, the village tended to cloak its sins without complaint to authority. As the author says in a rare moment of criticism, "It is not crime that has increased, but its definition. The modern city, for youth, is a police trap."

All the delightful wonder of childhood with its sights, sounds, and touches is described sensitively, often poetically. There is harshness, even brutality, but it is combined with the peace of a country village still untouched by industry and the motorcar. When these penetrate the valley, it marks the end of an era as well as of a lovely childhood.

PAULA BOWES.

GRANT MOVES SOUTH

By Bruce Catton. 564 pages.
Little, Brown. \$6.50

When, some ten-odd years ago, it was announced that Chicago newspaperman Lloyd Lewis was engaged in a multivolume biography of Ulysses S. Grant, the Civil War Round Tables were in a transport. But Lewis died with only the first volume, *Captain Sam Grant*, completed and the project lapsed.

Now it has been picked up again by none other than the brilliant Bruce Catton, and the staunch Unionists can be forgiven a Rebel yell or two. For who better than Catton to carry on this great work, with an invaluable assist from Lewis' notes.

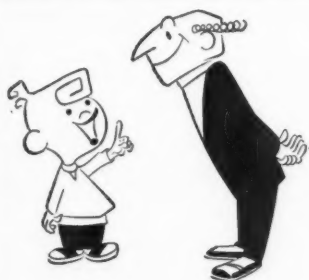
He has begun with *Grant Moves South*, which takes the stubby, imperturbable, little man from his swearing-in as colonel of the 21st Illinois Volunteers to the great victory at Vicksburg. Presumably, later volumes will deal with Grant's career in the East and his two terms in the White House.

For any student of the War and of Grant, this book, of course, covers familiar territory. There have been numerous biographers and military critics before Catton.

But there is this big difference—Catton's writing. With the same felicity of phrase that he showed in his memorable trilogy of the Army of the Potomac and in the beautifully-crafted *This Hallowed Ground*, Catton gives us the best picture yet of the bearded Grant, a military failure in the fifties who became the soldier-hero of the sixties.

When midnight tolls on December 31, this will probably rank as the best of the Civil War books this year.

HARRY SCHLEGEL.



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—S.M.R.

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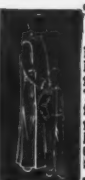


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FALLOUT

By John M. Fowler. 235 pages.
Basic Books. \$5.50

Subtitled "A Study of Superbombs, Strontium 90, and Survival," *Fallout* is the work of ten scientists and one congressman. Doubling as contributor, John M. Fowler, Assistant Professor of Physics, Washington University, writes one chapter on nuclear bombs and another on national survival. Experts in Chemistry, Physics, Biology, Meteorology, and so on, discuss nuclear activity and fallout, their effects on our own and future generations, and the measures that can still be taken to mitigate or prevent disaster. With explanatory appendices, the book is well documented, illustrated, and indexed.

A primer for the layman, *Fallout* is as definitive, readily understood, and objectively written as any this reviewer has seen. Each expert speaks for himself; there is none of that combined special pleading that sometimes marks a symposium. Statements concerning effects of fallout on our health and longevity, on hereditary factors, on the nuclear threat to individual and national well-being, are all backed up by clear explanations of the nature of nuclear activity.

Research continues and the experts do not all agree. But two things are clear: (1) neither we nor our descendants are better off for fallout; (2) the obligation to do something about international bomb testing and adequate home defense is not confined to scientists and statesmen. Hence the value of this guide for the layman.

Not written just to alarm us, the book is informative and conducive to clear thinking.

CHARLES G. GROS.

REDEMPTION THROUGH THE BLOOD OF JESUS. By Gaspar Lefebvre, O.S.B. Newman. 233 pages. \$4.00. Father Lefebvre's book begins with a series of meditative essays which compare the two comings of Jesus, point out the aptness of His name, and define the roles of Our Lady, St. Joseph, the Angels, John the Baptist, and Simeon in the Divine plan of Redemption.

The heart of the book is a theological inquiry into just what the Redemption means, why Our Lord had to die to redeem men, and finally how the Precious Blood is the instrument and symbol of the Redemption.

The style is over-involved at times, but the book will repay careful study. Its special value lies in its extensive use of Scripture and the Fathers of the Church.

SHORTER ATLAS OF THE BIBLE. By L. H. Grollenberg, O.P. 196 pages. Nelson. \$3.95. This is a concise version of the larger, Nelson's *Atlas of the*

Bible, which was composed by the same author and was very well received by scholars and general readers. The foreword states that "it is an attempt to present in small compass a picture of the world in which the books of the Bible found their origin. It is not simply a version of the *Atlas of the Bible*. The material has been designed anew, on the same principles, using maps (ten color), a large number of illustrations (200 plates), and a short text to link them . . ." More recent photographs have been added.

Among Bible atlases, the larger work ranks among the best. The growing number of serious readers of Scriptural backgrounds will find this short atlas a very helpful tool in gleaning more fruitfully the riches of the Word of God.

OUR REVIEWERS

REV. THOMAS BERRY, C.P., Ph.D. (Cath. Univ.); Lecturer at Institute of Far Eastern Studies, Seton Hall, University, N.J. Author of *The Historical Theory of Giovanni Battista Vico*.

PAULA BOWES, B.A., graduate of St. Joseph's College, Brooklyn. Now the mother of ten children. Res. Portsmouth, Rhode Island.

ROBERT CORMIER, short story writer and novelist; wire editor of Fitchburg (Mass.) *Sentinel*. Residence Leominster, Mass.

JAMES FREDERICK FISHER, C.S.P., M.A. (St. Paul's College, Washington, D. C.) currently at Paulist Information Center, Boston, Massachusetts.

CHARLES G. GROS, head librarian at Remington Rand Univac, contributor of book reviews to *Critic*, *Best Sellers*, *The Sign*; *Catholic Week* columnist.

CATHARINE HUGHES, a book reviewer and playwright; publicity director for Sheed & Ward, publishers.

DORAN HURLEY, (graduate studies in English at Harvard; Irish Studies in Fordham); feature writer; author of Irish novels. Res. New York City.

BARBARA M. LAROSA, A.B. (College of New Rochelle), English Lit.; Radio-TV Script-writer and freelancer. Res. Port Chester, N. Y.

REV. FINTAN LOMBARD, C.P., J.C.L. (Lateran, Rome) Professor of Canon Law. St. Michael's Monastery, Union City, N. J.

ROBERT F. McDONNELL, Ph.D. (Univ. Minn.), specialist in American and English Culture; asst. Prof. of Eng. and Dir. of Freshman English at Ohio U.

ROSEMARY NOLAN, A.B. (Regis College, Mass.), former school teacher, now married. Residence West Medford, Mass.

HARRY SCHLEGEL, educated at Georgetown and Columbia U.; staff writer for N. Y. *Daily News*; specialist in U. S. Civil War History.

JOHN J. SMEE, educated at Detroit U. and Fordham U.; Staff writer for N.Y. *Daily News*, specialist in Modern History and Political Affairs.

FERDINAND J. WARD, C.M., A.B. (De Paul U.), M.A. (Catholic U.) is a Professor of English, De Paul University, Chicago, Ill.

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THE TV PADRE WHO NEVER SMILES

(Continued from page 17)

García does not see his new Christian communities confined to one place. He has already started work on two hundred additional houses at *Minuto de Dios* and expects to initiate other housing projects in Bogotá, then gradually extend the work to neighboring cities.

"I believe that now, in this century, the Christian people have reached a certain maturity where a truly Christian society is possible. We see our movement as a revolution—but a peaceful one to achieve such Christian communities. We believe that Latin America is ready for it."

Padre García, a member of the Company of Jesus and Mary—popularly called "Eudists" after their founder, St. Jean Eudes—is forty-eight years old. One of seven children, he hails from Cúcuta where the Garcías, a rich and distinguished Spanish family boasting a number of famous generals in their lineage, settled in 1805.

After studying for the priesthood in Bogotá, Friborg, and Rome, Padre García was ordained in 1934. He taught in Eudist seminaries and edited *Cathedra*, Colombia's most important ecclesiastical review. In 1949 he started broadcasting daily radio sermons.

There are, of course, those who look askance at Padre García's projects—clergy and laity alike—and many have adopted a "wait and see" attitude. Others, especially among the conservatives, regard him as little better than a Communist.

This latter view of Padre García's efforts received an unintentional boost recently when delegates from a UNESCO seminar visited *Minuto de Dios*. "The Communist woman delegate and her little girl walked next to me, the child carrying a Soviet flag," Padre García recounted. "So naturally the journalists contrived it so that only the Soviets were in the picture with me."

Hearing that the padre needed small machines for the *barrio's* new industries, the Communist delegate offered to help him secure the machinery in Russia. The priest also has received three invitations to visit the Soviet Union.

"Of course, I see that these are propaganda gestures," Padre García says. "I wish we could get help from North American industries or foundations—even if it were only the loan of machinery." Some have suggested that the padre visit the United States to speak about his movement and ask for aid in person, but the priest is not ready to travel anywhere yet. "There is so much to do here. We are only at the beginning."



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AUNT ROSE'S REVENGE

(Continued from page 30)

see himself keeping us for the rest of his life. So he picked two he thought likely to marry: your mother—she was very pretty—and your Auntie Jan, who was so lively, and kept them at home. He had a little money from his wife's estate and he bought himself an annuity. Then he told your Aunt Lily and myself that we were to be governesses; not in England, because he would not have considered it correct, but abroad. I was the elder, so I was packed off first. He bought me clothes and a little canvas trunk—I have it now—and escorted me himself to Vienna, where one of his old friends had found me a post.

"I remember so well the very last afternoon I spent with my father, though it is nearly fifty years ago. He said, 'My dear Rose, there is no reason why, if you behave yourself, you should not have a perfectly comfortable life. Then he put a five-pound note into my hand. I had never had so much money in my life. 'This is the last actual money you will ever receive from me, my dear,' he said, 'so it is not to be loosely squandered. But do not think I have made no provision for you in case of actual want. I have something most interesting to show you.' We walked a very long way till we came to a house in a rather dreary quarter. We were shown into a room where there were a dozen very old ladies, very shabbily dressed, sitting playing patience or knitting. I was eighteen, remember. As we left the house he said, 'Now, my dear Rose, you need have no fears for the future. As long as I live I shall order my bankers to pay an annual subscription of a guinea to this excellent institution for Distressed Governesses.'"

By the time the chicken arrived, I had made a series of mental readjustments. I decided I could stay the course for a week. At the end of that time, an urgent telegram would summon me back to London. But, for that week, Aunt Rose and I were going to live on the scale she expected of me. I thought of the blackberry-leaf tea, of Aunt Lily dying in the room with the grate filled with balls of newspaper, of the tramps through the snow in cardboard shoes, of the hatboxes full of useless paper money.

The chef reverently uncovered a copper casserole containing a whole boiled chicken on a bed of rice that smelt exquisitely of unknown herbs. Aunt Rose shook her left forefinger at him.

"You have been a very long time," she said superbly. "I trust that does not mean it is not a young bird. If it is tough or if the rice is overcooked, my English niece and I will never come here again."

LETTERS

(Continued from page 4)

"The anti-Semitic hate-sheet *Common Sense*, published at Union, not Union City, N. J." I feel that *Common Sense* is an excellent exposé of the nature of Zionism, and Conde McGinley, its editor, certainly presents enough evidence to back up his charges. . . .

"Extreme right-wing columnists in the Catholic press who are blithely unaware that there has been progress in Catholic thought in the past hundred years." No matter how much progress there has been, right is still right and wrong is still wrong. That will never change. Communism will always be intrinsically evil no matter how much thought progresses. Those who are even a little to the right of center are constantly being attacked as radicals because of their anti-Communism. The liberals and leftists do not corner the market on progress, and in my opinion it is far more honorable to be to the right of center than to the left.

Other than these three points, I am in complete agreement with your opinions. May I also add a few of my pet peeves; The United Nations, foreign aid, Drew Pearson, anti-anti-Communists, *Commonweal*, and "liberal" Jesuits.

MISS JANET DUDLEY

BUFFALO, N. Y.

Yours in the June issue, "I Can Be Happy Without," is a gem, especially about that perennial Eleanor. Only one paragraph baffles me.

"Extreme right-wing columnists in the Catholic Press, who are blithely unaware that there has been progress in Catholic thought in the past hundred years."

The undersigned is an extreme right-winger in things political; however, in my Catholic reading and thought, and being a subscriber to about ten to fifteen magazines and papers, I have never given that hyphenated word a thought.

Could you, in a future issue, delve into this subject further, or make the explanation plainer?

T. J. KERINS

BELLEVEILLE, ILL.

I was delighted to read your editorial "I Can Be Happy Without . . ." I am unable to find a single point with which I can disagree, but must confess that I know nothing about Zionism. . . .

PAUL J. McMAHON

BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

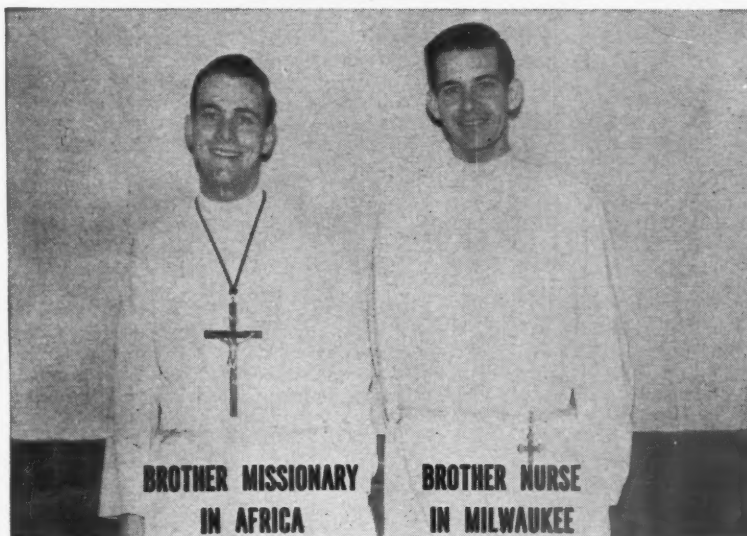
KATHERINE BURTON ON MUSIC

As a long-time subscriber to your excellent magazine, I have found the articles uniformly interesting and informative, particularly insofar as giving the Catholic viewpoint on current affairs is concerned.

We have generally found Katherine Burton's column worth reading, and are, therefore, disappointed in her sharp criticism of John Redmond's recordings of The Ten Commandments and the Apostles' Creed (June). In fact, I believe that she has missed the point of the recordings completely when she compares them to Beethoven or Gelineau, since they were

THANK HEAVEN FOR DESK SEVEN

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made to appeal to such a different audience. The primary object of these records is to impress the meanings of their subject matter on children's minds and serve as an antidote for the rock-'n-roll songs and singing commercials that are dinned into their ears incessantly today via radio and television. Several of our friends' daughters who are teaching Sisters have told us that they use them and are well pleased with the results obtained.

Like Miss Burton, I am not an expert in the field of music appreciation. However, I think it would be difficult to find a combination of music and lyrics superior to that of "Mary is My Mother, Too" which strikes such a deep chord of religious fervor each time I hear it. But then, I have always enjoyed the "Mother Dear" hymns also; perhaps the difference in our childhood training accounts to some extent for the difference in Miss Burton's tastes and mine.

MRS. IRENE M. WRIGHT
MT. VERNON, N. Y.

As a young housewife and mother, I wish to compliment THE SIGN on its wonderful variety of articles that keep me informed of contemporary events and Catholic action.

I was disappointed with "Woman to Woman" in the June issue, however. . . .

If Katherine Burton had proceeded to write on the subject of music according to her "fourth grade recommendation," as she originally professed, perhaps John Redmond's works would have received the plaudits they deserve. For it is through the mind and heart of a child that his records of The Ten Commandments and Seven Sacraments can be fully understood and appreciated.

These records do not pretend to be musically edifying. Their purpose is to assist children in learning the truths of the Church. Mrs. Burton, being a convert, has presumably never spent precious childhood hours memorizing her catechism in words and phrases almost incomprehensible to a little one. What mother or teacher will not rejoice that a record can give an audio aid to these lessons, presenting the essence of the instruction so the child knows and means what he is saying. Oftentimes it is easier to learn through rhyme and rhythm than rote, and these records afford that opportunity.

All in all, it is as grossly unjust to compare Mr. Redmond's songs with, perhaps, Beethoven, as it is to compare a first-grade reader with the Bible. And yet, each is appropriate for the group it is intended for.

Christ said, "Suffer little children to come unto Me." Christ did not specify the means, but John Redmond is trying to help them reach Him.

MRS. H. J. MONACO, JR.
YONKERS, N. Y.

RECKLESS HOLLYWOOD

One of the very best articles on Hollywood and its adult responsibility appeared in your April issue of THE SIGN—"Hollywood Goes Reckless," by Jerry Cotter.

SISTER MARY LEOLA, B.V.M.
WICHITA, KANSAS

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